Week ending May 26 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

Where Do We Go from VICTORY?

asks SWAFFER on page 5

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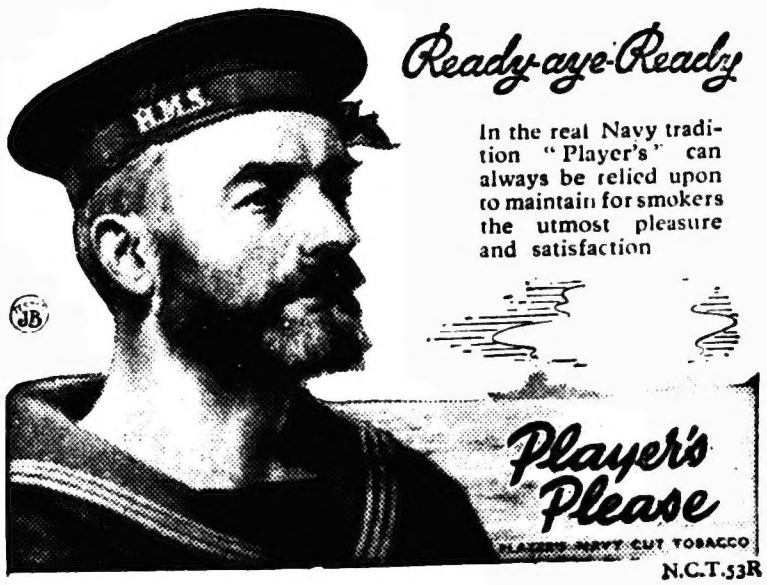

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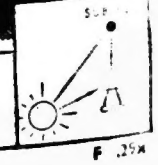

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Without Fear or Favour

WORKERS UNITE

TRADE UNIONISTS have more power than they know. There is grim and urgent need for them to use it.

Already they provide, for the statesmen now openly at variance, a model of sensible collaboration.

No less than the statesmen, they have found jagged obstacles on the path to co-operation. Last February, when the future of international trades unionism was discussed in London, there was a cleavage of opinion so sharp that agreement to differ seemed the only alternative to an insincere compromise.

This month, at the other side of the Atlantic, they have approved a draft constitution for a new World Trades Union Congress.

UNITED AND ORGANISED, the workers have both opportunity and responsibility.

If sixty million trades unionists determine that their nations shall live in concord, politicians will have a new and forceful incentive to find international agreement.

To know is to understand. The World T.U.C. should ensure that workers know each other—that those in one country understand the conditions and outlook of those in another.

Understanding will prevent fresh wars. Victory in Europe has brought such a wave of suspicion that ordinary people everywhere must unite to stem it if an enduring peace is to be reached.

There is deep suspicion between Russia and the Western Powers. Mr. Churchill has stoked the fires of resentment against Eire. There is hatred of Germany—a negative substitute for decision that the war guilty must be punished sternly but fairly. There is trouble in the Balkans. There is even bad feeling between Britain and the U.S.A. because of the Smart-Alick manœuvres of business thrusters.

Just as no war can be fought unless ordinary men and women support it, so can they ensure success for a crusade against, one of the chief causes of war.

Hatred is a menace to humanity.

The Editor

ERNEST BEVIN RINGS THE BELL

Demob's Flying Start. Unpreparedness for Peace. British Farming's Future

ERNEST BEVIN'S DEMOBILISATION plans encourage the hope that post-war priority industries will get man-power as they need it.

His department, at any rate, seems to have planned the reallocation of man-power down to the last detail.

A solitary newspaper complained that continuing control denied "the right of every man to seek his own employment according to his own abilities"—a right which, freely exercised in the nineteen-thirties, left a million and a half seekers without jobs.

Public Confidence

Man-power and manufacturing capacity no longer needed for munitions must now be diverted to post-war priority needs, and luxury production must not be allowed to divert labour from essentials.

Bevin's demobilisation arrangements, with their genial human touch, have inspired public confidence.

Where Are the Plans?

But is there any wider Government policy for unwinding the war industries?

We do not know whether export drive is to come first or home demand. We are not told whether household necessaries are to enjoy priority over machinery for out-of-date industries such as coal and cotton.

Even the Government's intentions concerning new issues of share capital and post-war savings campaigns are withheld from us; and for a good reason—the Government itself has not decided these things.

Coalition's Defects

Churchill, superb war leader, was not unaware that peace needs forethought no less than military operations. He said over the radio on March 21, 1943:

"When peace came suddenly, as it did last time, there were no long, carefully prepared plans for the future. We must not be caught again that way. Projects for the forward movement of our industries must be carefully foreseen."

Well, where are they? What has the Cabinet been doing about it these two years? Or must we have a General Election before the Cabinet can agree about it at all?

Cotton's Credit

A. C. C. ROBINSON, United Textile Factory Workers' president, doubts whether the cotton industry can raise the money to buy the new machinery needed to bring its efficiency to the American level.

Yet there is no limit to the credulity and optimism of investors, who have demonstrated over and over again the triumph of hope over experience.

But why not a national savings campaign to raise 3 per cent. debentures for this purpose? There would, of course, have to be public supervision of the industry.

Food Plans

THERE IS REAL RISK lest the Government, rightly anxious to cut out waste, may do the wrong thing with some of the war time Ministries: the Food Ministry, for instance.

It would be senseless to convert farming back from a public service, which it is now, to a mere business, as it was pre-war—in days when half our people ate too little, while food output and import alike were restricted by deliberate Government enactment for high prices' sake.

Sir John Orr, new Independent M.P. for the Scottish Universities, is the world expert on nutrition and should be consulted.

General Eisenhower, seen here by Tim, will speak for the U.S.A. on the Allied Control Commission in Germany. Meanwhile, his visit to London has ended some of the Occupation muddles

What the People Need

He would say the Food Ministry's job is to work out just how much our people need by way of meat, milk, vegetables and the rest; that the Ministry of Agriculture's job is to arrange for as much as possible to be produced at home while the rest is bought overseas through import boards.

That is still the right policy. It has worked during the war, and it will work in peace.

Unprepared

EVEN MORE STARTLING is the unpreparedness in the sphere of international policy, for which, of course, the British Cabinet is not alone to blame.

Eisenhower (who, apparently, has not yet met Zhukov!) came here to discuss with Churchill matters which the public thought were agreed long ago, following the conferences of the Big Three.

For instance: the limits of each Ally's occupying zone, the nature and objectives of the inter-Allied control, the form of German administration and its personnel, the treatment of Nazi high-ups.

The Big Three

Urgent indeed is the coming meeting of the Big Three—but why after all this time is there no adequate and permanent machinery for consultation and decision?

For there is enough political dynamite knocking about the world. Trieste and the Dodecanese were a warning. Yugoslavs covet Austrian territory. The French have done some funny stuff by way of "plebiscites" across their Italian frontier. These are all matters for a peace conference, not for local initiative.

San Francisco's ugly aftermath, by way of a violent anti-Soviet campaign in certain American newspapers, underlines the need for maintaining inter-Allied unity.

Split not Inevitable

Difference of ideology is no reason for a Russian-American split.

Russia—alone of the great industrial nations—does not seek to force her goods on other people. She is ready to pay for her imports in goods or gold.

Britain and America need not clash, even if both crave overseas markets to keep their home industries busy. There are enough backward, undeveloped lands in the world to absorb the exports of all the industrial countries, provided those exports take the form of capital equipment helping the recipients to produce more wealth.

'Frisco Friction

Nor need there have been any bickering at San Francisco over the mandated territories (now called "Trusteeship System").

The Americans want all such territories open on equal terms to everybody's goods—understandable because America's home market, three times ours, enables her to mass-produce more cheaply than we can.

But Lord Cranborne, for Britain, stood firm, denying that a free-for-all market scramble was in the best interests of the mandated peoples.

Little Britain

This raises the issue: are we, with 47 million people, now a "small Power" beside America's 132 millions and Russia's 170 millions?

San Francisco has conceded that little Powers' rights must be respected, at any rate to the extent that they may form their own regional security pacts.

And a Western European regional security pact embracing Britain, France, Belgium, Holland and the Scandinavian countries would—apart from their overseas possessions—involve the respectable aggregate of 120 million population.

To Go East?

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER, though eclipsed in the public imagination by Montgomery's more lustrous glamour, remains Britain's outstanding military commander. Will he go to the Far East while Monty stays in Germany?

He would get on well with the Americans, who recognised the brilliance of his rearguard fight when the Japs ran us out of Burma.

Bitter Struggle

IF AIR BOMBING, by a miracle, does not enable the Mikado to surrender unconditionally over the heads of his army chiefs, the Pacific war may be long and bitter.

Savage fighting on Okinawa, where ferocious Japanese resistance has caused

CONFIDENCE

"It has given me the greatest confidence to start afresh," writes Mrs. F. Snell, of St. Austell, in acknowledging cheque from "John Bull."

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

LABOUR'S DARK HORSE MINISTERS. BRITISH LEGION'S OPPORTUNITIES. WHO WANTS MORNING SHOPPING?

heavy casualties on both sides, proves the strategic value of the island, which is about the size of Kent and less than 400 miles from the Jap mainland.

Once it is completely occupied—only a matter of time, since Allied sea and air mastery precludes large Jap reinforcements—it forms a base big enough for an invasion force on the D-Day scale.

Mechanical Age

FLAME-THROWERS FOR burning scrub vegetation and grass, and bulldozers for removing the top six inches of soil, were among the control measures against scrub typhus which flared up alarmingly in certain Pacific war areas (says the *Lancet*).

These were districts where man-made vegetation, replacing virgin jungle, had encouraged rats, while mites in the rodents' ears were carrying infection to man.

Future Ministers

NAMES FOR A Ministerial "first eleven" are easily picked from the list of prospective Labour candidates issued in connection with the Party conference this week.

Front-rank K.C. Hartley Shawcross, who should romp home at St. Helens, is destined to be a Law Officer of the Crown.

Possible future Chancellors of the Exchequer are Hugh Gaitskell (South Leeds) and Evan Durbin (Edmonton), who, though professional economists, adapt their thinking to the world's swiftly changing circumstances. Both are young and pretty certain to get in.

Oxford Dons

Social service expert Frank Pakenham helped Beveridge produce his masterpiece. Oxford don, he will have a stiff fight at Oxford City.

Another don, R. H. S. Crossman, learned local government on Oxford City Council. He should win at Coventry, now divided into two constituencies.

Also an Oxford man is the broadcaster John Strachey, certain to win Dundee.

Hard Fights

Experts in foreign affairs Konni Zilliacus (former League of Nations official) and Michael Foot will have to go all the way to win Gateshead and Devonport, respectively.

D. Stark Murray, eminent pathologist, will have a hard fight at Richmond, Surrey. Viscount Corvedale, better known as Oliver Baldwin, will win Paisley (though he is not a Scot, but had a Scottish grandmother).

Last name in this not-yet-elected first eleven of Ministers is Alice Bacon, Yorkshire school teacher. If she can win North-East Leeds, not an easy constituency, she will one day make a fine Minister.

Forlorn Hopes

But why does this list show Labour opponents for Independents who are Labour in all but label? One, Captain Pope, has withdrawn from Bridgwater, where Vernon Bartlett should again get the Labour vote; and it is understood the Co-operative Party is withdrawing Councillor Smith from Chelmsford, recently won by Common Wealth.

Does Transport House think it can win Rugby against W. J. Brown? Last time it tried conclusions with that formidable opponent was at West Wolverhampton in 1935, when the official candidate got 1,325 votes against Brown's 14,867.

In the same year the official man got a mere 594 against Maxton's 17,961 in the Bridgeton division of Glasgow. There are other instances that suggest it is better to leave the Independents a clear run.

Legion Discretion

ANOTHER ANNUAL CONFERENCE this week has been that of the British Legion, which is in for a large influx of new members.

The Legion obviously has a big job to watch the interests of disabled men and others, but its leaders have wisely resisted any tendency to split ex-Servicemen off from the general body of workers.

Fraser, blind M.P. and Legion chairman, while urging vacancy priority for returned Service people, has been careful to disclaim any intention of "asking trade unionists and others to go into unemployment." Most of the Legion's members are, in any case, trade unionists themselves.

Evictions

THE LEGION MIGHT LOOK into the case of the Servicemen's wives, some of them expectant mothers, now being turned out of flats to make way for landlords wanting to return to their former homes.

As the law stands, these people are getting the solicitors' bills from both sides of the court action.

This problem, now very acute, would be eased if the Government, besides speeding the derequisitioning of houses, would authorise local councils to requisition for homeless families the many empty properties now offered for sale.

Aloof Foreign Office

ANOTHER IDEA FOR THE Legion is suggested by the experience of Major F. Casey, of the Royal Engineers, who raised, through his M.P., the action of the Egyptian Government in imposing, from February 1, a heavy duty on spirits imported to Egypt for sale to British troops in N.A.A.F.I. canteens.

This duty almost doubled the price of gin or whisky, though the stuff was all handled by British personnel and never got to the local population.

Yet the Foreign Office, to which the matter was referred, said "there were no grounds for action."

Soft Soap

HUDSON'S £170,000 GRANT to the Women's Land Army Benevolent Fund works out at £3 10s. per member, not a generous substitute for a gratuity—even allowing for a greatcoat, pair of shoes, shirt and badge.

It makes the Minister's tribute to "magnificent, unselfish and patriotic service" look like soft soap.

Nazism's Price

BETWEEN SEVEN AND EIGHT MILLIONS is a Swiss newspaper estimate of the Greater Reich's war dead, based on carefully gathered returns from scores of villages near the Swiss-German frontier.

This figure excludes air-raid victims, believed to number about 1,000,000.

In the last war Germany, excluding the Sudetenland and Austria, had 2,000,000 men killed.

Victor's Prizes

CHURCHILL TOLD Major Guy Lloyd in the House that monetary grants would not be made to Service chiefs "in the near future"—presumably, till VJ-Day.

Many high officers thoroughly deserve earldoms, Orders of Merit, or any other honours the country can offer. And their old age should be provided for.

But pensions terminable at death are preferable to the big lump sums—Haig got £100,000—given last time. The £5,000 a year perpetual pension, thrown in with an earldom to Nelson's brother after Trafalgar (1805), is still being paid.

Rank Orthodoxy

BRITISH FILM production industry's eventual boundaries have "no limit."!

It was good to read this statement of Arthur Rank's, given to *Kine. Weekly* in an exclusive interview on the eve of his departure for America.

But wasn't the magnate's tongue in his cheek when, repudiating the suggestion that he was a monopolist, he said: "It is open to anyone to do exactly the same thing as I have done"?

There is no harm in anyone's going to have a try!

Shop Hours

DRAPERS' CHAMBER OF TRADE wants shops to close at 6 p.m. instead of 7 p.m. on all but one evening a week.

Shorter hours for staffs, by all means; but has no one thought of opening an hour later in the morning?

Few of us want to shop much before mid-morning, yet many of us find it convenient to shop on our way home from office or works.

Used 'Planes

PILOTS—ALSO FARMERS, doctors, and even housewives—have snapped up training aircraft released in America by the Surplus Property Board, paying from £175 to £480 for a machine.

It is a good thing the Ministry of Civil Aviation in this country proposes to control private flying very firmly indeed, or all sorts of missiles might be dropped from the British atmosphere, crowded at week-ends like the pre-war roads near any big town of a Sunday evening.

Love Lure

MOSQUITOES' MATING CALLS, successfully recorded by scientists, have been used (says *Science*) to lure disease-producing mosquitoes to their doom.

It is not surprising to learn that the female voices exert far more energy than the male ones.

Boxer's Mother

VINCE HAWKINS, young Eastleigh locomotive fireman, who meets Ernie Roderick, of Liverpool, for the British middleweight championship at the Albert Hall next week, has been undefeated in seventy-one fights.

His mother has attended them all—up to the point of Vince's entering the ring, which is the cue for her own exit.

Another railwayman boxer, Bruce Woodcock, of Doncaster, has now signed to meet the Scottish middleweight champion, Bert Gilroy, at Swansea in July.

Race Finishes

RECORDING OF RACE finishes, which has settled many an argument in America, will be one of the post-war improvements here.

Could not television recording be at the disposal of radio commentators? No one would have thought, from Raymond Glendinning's otherwise admirable description of the Two Thousand Guineas the other day, that only a neck separated the winner, Court Martial, from Dante.

NEXT OBJECTIVE

"Our object all sublime, we shall achieve in time, to let the punishment fit the crime; The punishment fit the crime"—"The Mikado." With apologies to W. S. Gilbert

Where do we go from VICTORY?

Russia's president Kalinin is almost forgotten. But Russia cannot forget Churchill's past

Prince Umberto is losing power. The northern Italians don't like their royal family

Marshal Tito, copying the U.S.S.R., has given Britain and America a diplomatic headache

King George is still trying to persuade the Greeks to have him back on the throne

Russia is suspicious. Tito tries a game of grab. Franco is toppling to his fall. Greece is troubled. To achieve co-operation in the world, we must make our own hands clean

by HANNEN SWAFFER

WE LIVE, WHILE "the tumult and the shouting dies," in days of great peril.

When, in 1919, the Peace Conference met, statesmen went to it with the highest of hopes. Disillusionment did not come for years afterwards.

But now, although we have been celebrating peace in Europe, danger clouds already appear in several Continental lands. Men talk peace; but there is no peace.

Indeed, apart from the implication that he intended to remain in power until Japan was defeated, the most important part of Churchill's end-of-the-war speech was a veiled warning to Russia: "There would be little use in punishing the Hitlerites for their crimes if law and justice did not rule and if totalitarian or police government were to take the place of the German invaders. . . . It is the victors who must be worthy, by their nobility, of the immense forces which they wield."

Moscow's Memory

This, obviously, was his protest against Russia's unilateral step in setting up governments in Poland, Rumania, Hungary and Austria, the non-co-operative secrecy of her recent diplomacy, and her demands for a place in the Pacific, where, hitherto, she has had no ambitions of any kind.

We are reaping the harvests of the years. Churchill's past is largely to blame. It was he who, in 1919, waged war on the Soviets, he who, until Russia was attacked in June, 1941, was violent in his abuse of them. Although, in the last four years, he has made amends, Russia is slow to forget. . . .

We, extolling the greatness of his war leadership, see him on the pinnacle of fame. But, in Russia, it is Stalin who is the demigod.

Moscow, suspicious because of the quarter of a century of isolation forced on her after 1917, and obviously distrusting Big Business influence both in Britain and America, is acting on her own, despite the Yalta agreement.

"New Russian Peril"

After staking out claims in Poland, with which Whitehall and Washington had to agree, she has set up, in the Balkans and in Austria, governments that many of our people regard merely as her pawns.

More, the method in which she occupied Berlin, keeping out foreign correspondents except for the signing of the surrender by the Germans, has added to the doubts.

Whether she is right or not, grave difficulties have arisen. Europe, unless wisdom prevails, may be split in two.

Indeed, I must print this grave warning: even while the joy-bells were celebrating VE-Day, anti-Russians were making trouble in London and spreading stories about "the new Russian peril."

I have convincing evidence that one high-placed dignitary went to the length of saying, a few days later, "With all their cruelties, perhaps we wanted the Germans, after all."

Unless, immediately, all this sort of thing stops, I dread the consequences. They may indeed be grim.

Tragic Loss to Poland

The ordinary people of Britain are filled with an intense admiration for the Soviet Republics and their incalculable share in the common victory. More than ever before, they must make that known, in case Russia misunderstands what she must have heard.

Had not General Sikorski been killed in a 'plane crash, the Polish problem would have been solved by now. His loss was a catastrophe.

Then the staking-out of claims by Russia was copied by Marshal Tito, who, despite his friendship with Field-Marshal Alexander, declared that he would occupy Trieste, an Italian port long the cause of dispute!

"Get out," said Britain and America to Yugoslavia. They behaved, in regard to Russia, as might have been expected, with a much greater caution.

Greek Fire

Frankly, though, are we ourselves free from blame? Have we not, in Spain, Italy and Greece, given the Soviets cause for suspicion?

In all three countries, but only in Spain to the accompaniment of Russian protests, Churchill has backed so many Fascists, past, present and future, that anti-Fascist doubts have arisen and anti-Fascist apprehensions have grown.

And, in all three countries, Churchill has been wrong.

The Franco whom he asked us not to caricature a few months ago is toppling to his fall.

The power of Prince Umberto, whom he set in high office in Italy, has been gravely weakened by the fact that the northern Italian towns were freed by Partisans who hate the Italian royal family—Partisans to whom our military commanders have paid glowing tributes.

As for Greece, where Churchill's championship of the King of the Hellenes led to a mutiny in his navy in Egypt, and then, around Athens, fighting between ELAS and our own military forces, things go from bad to worse.

Although Harold Macmillan, our Minister of State, was a party to the Varkiza agreement, which promised to EAM members freedom from persecution and a right to join the government, the pledge has not been kept.

The suppression of Left Wing newspapers continues. Progressive elements are terrorised. Fake trade unions have been formed, to the detriment of workers subject to privations of many kinds.

And Liberals and moderates of various shades of opinion declare that all this is the result of the policy of our Government!

"The King of the Hellenes is spending a large amount of money in corrupting the people to call him back," I am assured by a Greek whom hitherto I have always found right. "And this is tolerated by the British Government, whom we trusted! In Greece, your diplomats support Fascists and all the anti-Liberal elements. Is this Whitehall's deliberate policy or is it not? We want to know."

Action in Milan

In the north of Italy the Partisans tried, convicted and executed 3,000 prominent Fascists, ignoring their obedient underlings, in three weeks, whereas in Rome, where we have great influence, prominent Fascists are still in office. Yet, in Greece, only one collaborationist has been condemned, and many are still in close contact with the Government!

Only a few days ago Greek seamen who had just arrived here swore that fake "ELAS atrocities" had been staged and that corpses had been dug up for mutilation to delude our investigators and to mislead British opinion. Hired mourners had been engaged to act as "sorrowing relatives of ELAS victims," they declared.

When, three weeks ago, the seamen left Greece, "a semi-Fascist reign of terror was going on," they said.

More, I am assured that because Sofianopoulos, the Greek Foreign Minister, opposed the San Francisco invitation to Argentina because the bosses of the Argentine are Fascists, our diplomats in Athens are now striving to enforce his resignation!

In referring to the "totalitarian or police governments" which might take the place of German invaders, did Churchill forget the happenings in Greece? There, he had boasted, we were responsible.

No Time for Dignity

In some ways, the Russians may be to blame. No doubt they are. But are our own hands entirely clean?

If, anywhere, we are backing either Fascists or ex-Fascists, how can we hold Russia guilty if, still suspicious, still remembering Archangel and Kolchak and Wrangel, she acts on her own?

Only by complete agreement can peace be assured. So, at any cost to our dignity, or to anyone else's, agreement, co-operation and collaboration must be reached!

OPEN LETTERS

Col. Rt. Hon. Oliver Stanley, M.C., M.P.,

Secretary of State for the Colonies

DEAR COL. STANLEY,—Let us put real meaning into the annual celebration of Empire Day on May 24. Too long has it been the occasion for a wrangle between ardent imperialists and those who denounce them as "flag-waggers."

Not since Lord Meath, in 1896, started Empire Day with the blessing of Joseph Chamberlain has it been observed with anything like the fervour our French neighbours put into the Fourteenth of July, when they commemorate the downfall of tyranny symbolised in the taking of the Bastille in 1789.

Undeniably, the exploitation of coolie labour has given British investors high dividends, British workers cheap food. It is no defence to say the coolies have been content with low standards, or would have had still lower standards if we had not exploited them.

We must aim to put back into the colonies as much, by way of developing their capital and cultural resources, as we take out of them in foodstuffs and raw materials.

This should be easy because, as your colleague Mr. Lyttelton, Minister of Production, has said: "We have passed from the days when political crises, wars and rumours of war were caused by scarcity; we have gone forward into an age when the problems are those of abundance."

Our industries will soon be capable of producing far more than we at home can consume. What an opportunity of raising the standard of life in our colonies!

Empire Day based on these conceptions can be a festival which all the citizens of the British Commonwealth—of the Dominions and India as well as the homeland—may observe gladly and spontaneously.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir Archibald Sinclair, M.P.,

Secretary of State for Air

DEAR SIR ARCHIBALD,—Every day, youngsters rejected after training as R.A.F. pilots go to the Army with broken hearts, due to the stigma attaching to failure.

Yet they are ploughed only because you have raised the examination standard for the reason that the supply of pilots exceeds the demand. You should give these unwanted men honourable discharge without branding them as failures.—JOHN BULL.

Drs. G. Scott Williamson and Innes Pearse,

Founders of the Peckham Health Centre

DEAR DOCTORS,—Congratulations on this week's reunion of your members and on the pending reopening of the world's first Health Centre—which so admirably deserves its title.

You hit on a wonderful idea when your researches taught you that the study of disease was throwing no light on the laws of health; that health should be cultivated, not through immunity or prevention, but by providing an environment in which it would grow and spread.

Peckham Health Centre has seen an inspiring experiment in which, admitting families but not individuals to membership for a small weekly fee, you have provided social and recreational facilities on the sole condition that each family should submit to a periodic medical overhaul as a means of maintaining health.

Far-reaching have been the consequences. Families for the first time "found themselves" socially, derived pleasure from meeting other families, swam and danced and acted in plays—and actually gloried in the advent of babies. Certainly Dr. Pearse had something significant to put before the Birth Rate Commission.

You have shown that health is as contagious as disease; and your centre is to be a training ground for qualified doctors who are to spread the experiment far and wide, starting at Coventry and half a dozen other towns where Health Societies are already established or being formed.—JOHN BULL.

Can Colonel Stanley make Empire Day mean something?

Countess Russell,

Cambridge

DEAR LADY RUSSELL,—You wrote to the *Lancet*, journal of the medical profession, to lay bare the feelings of a mother outraged by a hospital's treatment of her sick seven-year-old son.

This, in itself, took some courage for a woman in your position to do. The public will be quick to appreciate that you did it because you wanted not merely to publicise your personal experiences—which in any case are over—but actually to arouse the nation to a realisation of the truth that there is to-day in this country one medical service for the rich and another for the poor.

No shortage of staff can either palliate the nurse's indifference to a mother's natural affections or excuse the downright rudeness of the doctors concerned.

To me, that indifference and that rudeness became positively nauseating when I read how the hospital authorities, discovering comparatively late in the proceedings that you carried the title of countess, contorted themselves into an attitude of what you generously describe as "the utmost cordiality and consideration." Thank you for the limelight you have shed on this disgusting incident.—JOHN BULL.

Prof. Sir Patrick Abercrombie,

Author of the Greater London Plan

DEAR SIR PATRICK,—You rightly insist that a fleeting opportunity to re-create Greater London will be lost unless the Government decides quickly whether or not the area's population and industry are to be regrouped.

In the absence of such a lead, no local authorities will be able after a few months to hold back the flood of haphazard, chaotic development of a nature that will condemn more and more people to the waste and misery of travelling long distances daily between home and work.

Your idea of self-contained satellite towns offers the solution, but far-reaching legislation is the essential preliminary.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

LET US GO FORWARD TOGETHER

THE END OF THE WAR in the West is, paradoxical though it may sound, going to leave a big gap in our minds—unless we take fairly prompt measures and do something about it.

We must begin right now and try to take up life again with keen brains, alert minds, and intelligences keyed towards an optimistic future. We must begin now to be interested in the things that are going to affect us for the rest of our lives. We must think and we must do.

Without forgetting the problems that beset the world, problems about which we must think just as much as the politicians and the statesmen who have all the limelight, we must realise that all around us in the seemingly trivial and the apparently commonplace are equally important things.

No city or town or village but will have its contribution to make towards the rebuilding of our national life: and no city or town or village is anything but the united thoughts and ideas and acts of its inhabitants.

Britain is still the men and women who inhabit it. Its future depends on what we think.

Let our peace pledge to ourselves be to use our will and determination to rely on our brains, and refuse to be fooled by anyone at all.

Argument

"Germany must feed our Armies. then herself." But if winter brings starvation

SHOULD OUR RATIONS BE CUT TO FEED GERMANY?

no

1. The Germans deliberately starved prisoners and conquered countries. They must be shown once for all that crime does not pay.

2. Warned that continuing a hopeless struggle meant starvation, their leaders proudly boasted of the desolation they would leave behind them.

3. A minimum diet for full health should provide 3,500 daily calories. (A calorie is the heat unit which measures the true feeding-power of food.) We have been close to the 2,000 mark, while the Germans have managed to average up to 3,000 through pillaging Europe.

4. German rations, now fixed at 1,400 calories daily per head, with expectant and nursing mothers at 2,200, must see them through.

5. The Americans average about 3,367 calories daily, slightly more than before the war. If cuts are to be made to help Germany, let the best-fed Allies start.

6. The Germans fed only those who could do useful work for them. Let that be our policy.

7. World opinion demands punishment not only of a few selected war criminals but of the whole nation which for years supported them.

yes

1. Though the Germans have frequently allowed subject peoples to starve, the question is: Are we better than the Germans? If we let them starve, we prove we are not.

2. If one German, man, woman or child, lay starving at your door, you would feel pity. Why should distance stifle decency?

3. A Roman general once said of a conquered German tribe: "We must either kill them all or treat them reasonably. There is no middle course." To-day that's still true.

4. The spectacle of a nation of 80 millions starving would do more to destroy civilisation than this war.

5. Pestilences following starvation do not respect frontiers.

6. The Germans can claim no more than the bare necessities of life. Christianity demands they get these, even at cost to ourselves.

7. That Britain, victorious, shared her scanty food with the conquered will go down to history as our greatest glory.

PERSONAL PRIORITY No. 1

is a few days "away from it all." There's hard work ahead, but now's the time for a breather. Where and how, this report from the holiday front will help you decide

by HAROLD A. ALBERT

I HAVE JUST HAD A HUNDRED (sample) holidays. It's been hard work.

Things look like being tough on the holiday front this year.

At many hotels and boarding-houses they don't want guests. Publicity is an allowable income tax item, so they still advertise alluringly—but they're jammed to the attics with high-paying "permanents."

There are other establishments where pre-war "furnished apartments" at 30s. a week have blossomed into "furnished flats" at five and six guineas—and they're packed out.

I've tried boarding-houses, cheap enough and sometimes nasty, where the landladies smile if you talk of booking ahead. They're "accepting reservations" now for Easter, 1946, *cash in advance.*

Children—"Too Much Trouble"

On the South Coast whole blocks of so-called "newly opened hotels" are mushrooming in the hands of get-rich-quick racketeers. Dereguisitioned houses have been hurriedly furnished with second-hand junk. Many are not registered as catering or residential establishments. When you fall for their bait of 'comfortable accommodation—home cooking" at a guinea a day, you find you have to get your own rations through the Food Office—and even send home for spare blankets.

In the North, holiday sharks are impudently asking for clothing coupons to help replace towels, linen and tablecloths, and this after charging top prices of 5s. each for lunch and dinner.

Parents with children are being curtly refused accommodation. Many old-type family hotels have changed hands since the war, and the new proprietors say the children are too much trouble.

I sent ten test letters booking rooms for "my wife and two children" to hotels where I knew there were vacancies. Seven failed to reply. The three others were "sorry." . . .

Fortunately this picture is not the whole story. My investigations have taken me to favourite inland resorts as well as the seaside. And I've found a genuine and sincere desire among many hotel and boarding-house proprietors to serve the public and make visitors comfortable.

Some are even declining long-term guests and "holiday hogs" in their determination to arrange as many "weeks" and "fortnights" as possible.

"The people who come back year after year," a Scarborough landlady explained, "and who tell their friends they've not been cheated—they're the best in the long run."

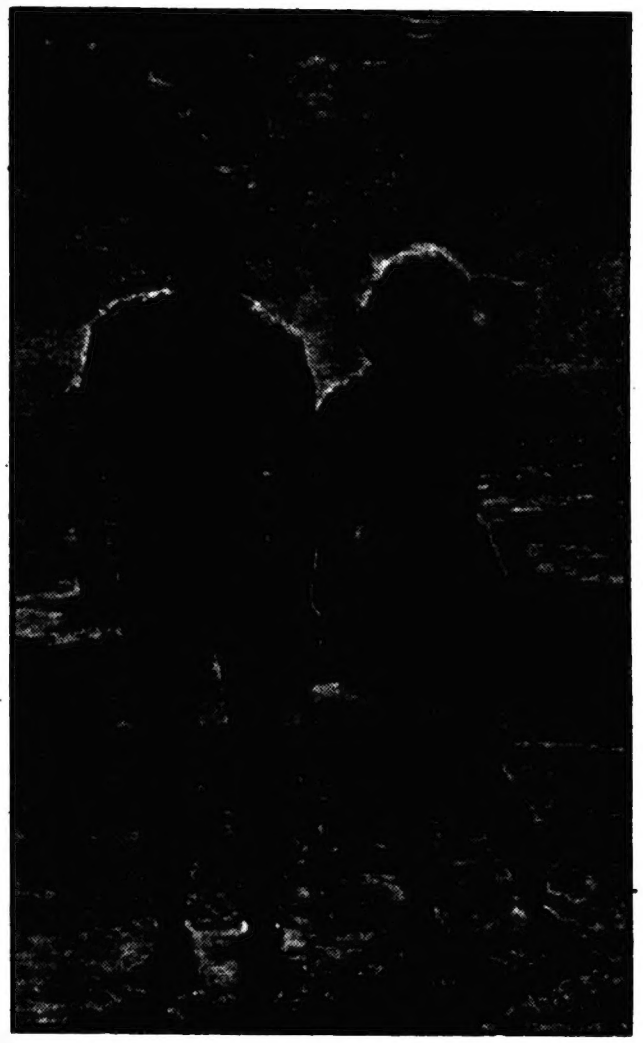
Why Few Hotels Can Open

So let's take a bird's-eye view of some of the centres I visited, and see what is happening.

I started at Ilfracombe, where the largest hotels are closed and seafront shops may remain dismally shuttered until managers and staff are demobbed. "Plenty of room yet," I was told, "despite billets and 'vacs., if you book in advance."

I went on to Torquay, with sixty large hotels requisitioned, the rest choked for the summer. Bournemouth, with two-thirds of its normal space available, has practically nothing until September, and 500 people a day are trying to book. It's almost as bad at Brighton and Eastbourne, where only 25 per cent. of the hotels and boarding-houses are open as yet.

Again, Folkestone had only a total of some fifty establishments open, while the Worthing seafront could boast only six. Clacton has now less than a fifth of its accommodation left, and



It's worth exploring unfamiliar ground this year if you prefer a quiet holiday

"bed and breakfast" notices have all but disappeared in Southend.

Why is there so little room? Well, of 3,000 hotels requisitioned in 1943, barely 1,200 have been freed. Of the 1,200, the majority are still in disrepair. Clacton alone has 10,000 properties—mainly of the "bed-and-breakfast" type—needing major repairs.

Councillor E. M. Ford, of Hastings, was pretty blunt about it at a recent Hotel and Catering Industry meeting. "Visitors won't find beds or dining-tables, cloths, chairs or carpets," he said in effect. "Furnishings and equipment have deteriorated to such an extent that many derelict holiday towns are unfit to restart."

Other coastal hotels have been taken over by schools, hospitals and commercial concerns. Some are even used to store furniture.

Add to this the hotels transformed into Government offices, the boarding-houses taken over for Civil Servants, and the hard-pressed small hotel-keepers who thought it wise to sell up their properties and take a profit on vacant possession!

Families could once count on renting furnished seaside bungalows. Now these are permanent homes—and Bognor, for one, has quashed attempts to evict the standing tenants.

Hope on the Isle of Wight

Brighton, too, has taken a feather from Bournemouth's cap and obtained requisitioning powers over a block of seafront flats rather than allow the tenants to be evicted in favour of visitors. That's as it should be.

Do you see your this year's holiday as a sad vista of crowds, queues and travel-crush?

Well, if I have dulled your hopes a little, it's because forewarning is better than disappointment.

I've kept the best news till last.

If you really want to get away this year, there's still time to arrange it. Despite the coastal parade of "house full" signs, you can still get in—if you try farther on.

Bognor may be fully booked, with only three of its twelve largest hotels operating, but Southsea has 70 per cent. of its pre-war accommodation wide open.

Hastings is battered, but from A. V. Kint, the public relations officer, comes news of energetic rehabilitation. The swimming pool was reopened last Saturday.

The Isle of Wight is equally welcoming. Shanklin itself may be dilapidated, but you could stay there and explore the whole island wonderland.

National Parks to Come?

By and large, the smaller places still offer good prospects. When North Wales is packed out, West Wales may have broad empty beaches. When Margate's 250 private hotels have no more room, your luck may be better in Broadstairs. If you can't get in at Blackpool, try Lytham St. Anne's for a change. That is the sober assurance of reports from all quarters.

Fair prices are about 50 per cent. above ordinary levels.

Improvisation, of course, needn't bother you. Staff shortage compels some of the hotels I visited to serve meals in three relays; early morning tea goes by the board; you may make your own bed, take your own towel. But who's going to worry?

The Government wants you to have a holiday. The powers-that-be fully realise you need it.

Holidays for all will be the official policy not only this year but in the years to come. A report from the Ministry of Town and County Planning just issued earmarks huge areas of our country as holiday areas, to be safeguarded for all time as the hill, moor or seashore playgrounds of the people.

The Lakes, the Peak, the Pennines; Snowdonia, wild Pembrokeshire, the Brecon Beacons; the Devon uplands, stretches of the Cornish coast—all these, if the plan goes through (and he will be a bold privateering politician who tries to hinder it), will be made great National Parks in perpetuity.

Many other unspoiled areas are similarly listed. The aim is that every large centre of population shall have near it, with easy access by road and rail, space for the town dweller to breathe in.

All Departments are Ready to Help

But that is the future? What about now?

Well, the authorities are doing their best for you.

The return home of evacuees is being deliberately stage-managed and timed to relieve holiday pressure. The Board of Education is supporting staggered holidays by excusing children two weeks of school attendance if they go away with their parents.

Railway and transport companies are being given greater liberty to run relief trains and 'buses. Food Offices have arranged reserves for a tripper rush.

But please book in advance. Don't take chances on those recommendations of "little places where you'll be bound to get in." It's the "spec" vacationists who'll sleep on the beach.

And they've told me in every town to "avoid August at all costs." So I'm telling you—and 30,000,000 others.

Good advice isn't enough for people in trouble. So—

Miss Jones Must Find a New Welfare Officer

PERHAPS IT WAS THE GREY DAY with insistent rain. Perhaps it was the way everything seemed to begin again drearily on a Monday.

Miss Jones gave it up. After all, the welfare woman had been nice enough and really helpful. It couldn't be much of a life, people continually coming to you with their troubles. And Miss Jones had brought her plenty.

"Go to the Welfare Officer," the other girls said. "She'll help you."

Miss Jones wasn't so sure. It was a big factory with a pretty steady crop of troubles.

At last she went and explained how she couldn't pay the rent because father was ill, and the youngsters were still at school and her mother was having her third baby.

Mrs. A., the Welfare Officer, had listened all right and then told her not to worry. She would get on to the rent collector and put everything right.

A worker who has been "through the factory" can be trained to help others

She Didn't "Belong"

Good enough, wasn't it? Yet there was something that had seemed wrong. Yes, now she had it. . . . Mrs. A. spoke from another world. She spoke with a "cultured" accent. She didn't really belong in a factory. It was difficult to believe that anyone like her could really understand and mean what she said about helping.

That was Miss Jones' way of putting her experience with a factory welfare officer. Not that factory welfare officers are snobs. On the contrary, plenty of them talk the same language as the workers. But the feeling was there.

A new book, *The Social Servant in the Making*, by Elizabeth Macadam (Allen and Unwin, 6s.), goes behind all this and reveals some striking facts.

It is no use putting our new social measures into operation, unless they are backed by the right type of social service. That is one of Miss Macadam's first conclusions.

One Big Snag

"Social service"—somehow the phrase has fallen into disrepute. Yet there is a firm framework of social service in Britain to-day doing a sound job of work.

It covers welfare officers in factories and police courts, probation officers, almoners in hospitals, health visitors, welfare officers for young workers, and a dozen other fields.

Welfare officers have changed a lot in the last twenty years. Now we are faced with many new developments in the social field, and they must change again.

Take the factory welfare officer, for example. In this war, several men and women from the factory itself have become welfare officers. This new trend needs development. When you have known the smell of the machines for many years and every little twist and trick of factory life, then you can talk the same language as the factory worker, in a way which no amount of training can ever teach you.

But there is one big snag. Very few factory workers have the other qualifications essential to a welfare officer.

One of the most important developments covered in this puts a new stress on the social background. The writer quotes Sir George Newman: "People cannot be isolated from surroundings . . . the study of health and disease in man must take into account the conditions in which a man lives."

It should not stop at health alone. The study of worries, difficulties and troubles must take surroundings into account, too.

This fact has a strong bearing on the way we train our health visitors. At the moment their training is largely medical. In future they must know a great deal more about social and economic backgrounds.

In fact, all welfare work needs a deep understanding of these things. It is all very well to know the law, medicine, and factory regulations. Better still to know the man.

Now social servants must know the forces which create the man's environment.

Miss Macadam's style is dry, but what she has to say is full of sound sense. And it is backed by the experience of one of the leading welfare experts in the world.

Square Pegs, Square Holes

The author wants to see every promising candidate for the social services given a chance, quite apart from whether he or she can pay training fees.

She wants to see the higher ranks of Civil Service welfare work opened to men and women who are not straight from university.

She wants to see a central control for all social service—if not a Ministry of Welfare. She writes: "The social services penetrate into every Government Department and the functions of the proposed new body would consist mainly of co-ordination."

People have always seen the need for good doctors. They are only just becoming aware of the need for good welfare officers.

VINCENT BROME.

by A. G. GARDINER

DEVASTATED EUROPE seethes with troubles, of which Trieste is only a foretaste. We are not quite happy about the Big Three, whose next meeting is awaited with anxiety.

And as the days pass we become more conscious of the immense loss the world has sustained by the disappearance of the great and healing power of Roosevelt.

But there is no cause for depression. A world has passed away and the birth-pangs of a new world are bound to be severe and difficult. We are only at the beginning of them.

And in one respect we are making a good beginning. After the last war we threw up our hats, thought all our troubles were over, and plunged headlong at once into a Peace Conference that was expected to make us all happy ever afterwards. With the result that we know.

This time we are wiser. We are under no illusion. We know the vastness of the job to be done. We are charting the route and noting all the shoals and wreckage that have to be navigated. When the Peace Conference finally comes—and it should not be rushed—we should have a clear vision of the goal and of the way to it.

The Master Thought

If it is to be reached one master thought must be common to all. We sink or swim together. The world is one, either for chaos or order. There is no dodging the alternative. It is Peace or a Third World War.

Victory over Germany to-day and over Japan to-morrow will have been an empty triumph if the cancer of war itself is not rooted out of the system of the world. So long as that cancer remains anywhere mankind is doomed to the perpetual recurrence of destruction.

And the destruction will gather cumulative violence with every outbreak. Science will see to that. The first World War transcended beyond all reckoning all that had been experienced in the wars of the past. By comparison with it, the Franco-German War and the American Civil War were trifles.

But, measured by the universal desert of rubble and ruin that Europe presents to-day, the First World War sinks into insignificance beside the Second World War.

Only twenty years separated them. But in fury and horror centuries divided them. They differed not only in the magnitude of the destruction, which was the result of the enormous leap forward in the potentialities of science.

They differed in something much more dreadful than any material ruin. They registered a spiritual catastrophe before which the mind is transfixed with horror.

We have seen in this war a landslide of a mighty nation into an in-

THE UNIVERSAL

Home again—and happy again. But there is only one chance of saving our children from another war that would encompass the whole world in final ruin

human barbarism that in scale is without parallel in history.

We have seen the whole tradition of war reversed. It is no longer waged in fair battle against armed foes. It no longer observes any chivalrous law.

It is waged against nations, against undefended cities, against the defenceless multitudes, the aged, the young, the infirm. Its strategy is treachery and its tactics terror. It strikes with blind unreason at all that is helpless and all that is beautiful in life.

World of Wolves?

It maims and tortures, burns and enslaves with an insane fury that makes such names as Lidice, Rotterdam, Coventry, Buchenwald, Belsen, Dachau suggest horrors at which the mind shudders.

This is the dreadful thing that war has become. This is the spiritual horror that has befallen mankind. If it is not stopped, civilisation perishes and this world becomes

". . . a wilderness indeed,
Peopled with wolves, its old inhabitants."

This may be the last chance that humanity will have of stopping it.

And we can stop it. For the key of our spiritual prison, as Lord Grey said after the last war, is on the inside of the door. It is in our hand. We can turn it. We can win our own deliverance from the doom that overshadows us.

And when I say "we" I do not mean our country only, or any group of countries only. War is the universal enemy of man. It

ERSAL ENEMY

must be destroyed by the universal will of man.

No country can escape it alone. The whole institution of war on earth must be annihilated or it will annihilate all.

Has the world learned the lesson it failed to learn after the last war? Has it learned that it cannot "ope the Future's portals with the Past's blood-rusted key"? Has it learned that we all sink or swim together, and that if we do not abolish war we shall all assuredly sink?

Snatch and Grab

It would be wilful and perilous blindness at this time to ignore the too frequent and disquieting symptoms that threaten the unity of the United Nations.

The case of Trieste is only the latest of these symptoms, which all have a family likeness. They began in Greece, have been most persistent in the case of Poland, and are smouldering in many quarters, especially in Eastern Europe.

Their general purpose is to anticipate the Peace by a policy of snatch and grab. It has an unpleasant flavour of the Hitler technique of the *fait accompli*.

He won all his early victories in Europe, from the Rhineland onwards, by the suddenness with which he exploited the accomplished fact. He jumped a claim, announced that he had no more territorial demands to make—and then jumped again.

This procedure plunged the world in war and Europe in ruin. If it were repeated now and tolerated now it would have precisely the same result. If one country is permitted to grab on its own, the fashion will spread, and the whole Continent will become a scene of banditry again, culminating in war.

It was to rescue the world from this fate that the United Nations fought Hitler and conquered him. And, having conquered him, their purpose is to resettle Europe on the basis of Freedom, Democracy, and Justice.

That basis will be laid down at the Peace Conference, for which all the negotiations that have gone on from the Atlantic Charter to Dumbarton Oaks, and from Yalta to San Francisco, have been a preparation.

And, coupled with the resettlement of Europe, the Conference will lay the foundation of a world organisation that will permanently secure mankind against the recurrence of the horrors that, twice in a generation, have soaked the soil of Europe with the blood of millions.

We await the coming meeting of the Big Three with the fervent hope that it will not tolerate anything that would sabotage the Peace Conference.

WHY WE SHOULD REFORM THE CIVIL SERVICE

by W. J. BROWN, M.P.

THERE IS MUCH DISCUSSION about the kind of Britain in which we are going to live in the future. But hardly anyone mentions the question of the machinery of government—the kind of Civil Service—we shall need for the society which we propose to build.

Recently it was announced that Sir Alan Barlow, Second Secretary to the Treasury, with the heads of nineteen Government Departments and Treasury experts, are to meet representatives of the Civil Service trade unions to discuss post-war reorganisation. Their decisions will, directly or indirectly, affect us all.

During the war the Government entered many new fields of activity which it will not wholly leave in the future. The field of government will be permanently larger than before the war.

I shall assume, for instance, that the policy of "full employment," to which the Government is committed, will involve the State's playing a much larger part in the field of economics than it did.

It should be remembered that, in the beginning, the Civil Service was not the "Public Service"—it was the "King's Service."

It Touches Us All

It was smaller—for a few centuries ago the function of government was very limited as compared with what it is to-day. The administration of justice, the levying of taxes, foreign policy, the Armed Forces (mainly the Navy)—these constituted the four main preoccupations of government.

To-day, government touches us at all points between the cradle and the grave. A Government Department—that of the Registrar of Births and Deaths—requires our parents to register us when we are born. Our lives are touched by the Ministries of Health, Education, Labour, and the Inland Revenue Department. If we are in commerce, the Board of Trade and the Department of Overseas Trade impinge on our lives. When we die, a Government Department levies death duties on what we leave.

Our Civil Service before the war numbered some 350,000 men and women — excluding the industrial staffs of the dockyards and arsenals.

What were the merits and what were the defects of that Civil Service?

Its merits were many. It was a highly selected Service, most of its jobs being filled by stiff open competitive examination. It was a conscientious Service—probably the most conscientious in the world—with a high tradition of disinterested public duty.

It was free from corruption—freer than any in the world. It administered the law impartially and impersonally as between one citizen and another. It was non-political, in the sense that it served Governments of different political complexions with an equal fidelity.

But our pre-war Civil Service, great as were its virtues, suffered from certain defects.

The ideal Civil Servant was described as possessing "a sound mind and balanced judgment," which sometimes meant that he thought thrice before he did anything—and then didn't do it.

The new Britain will need new methods. Trained business men, economists, experts of all kinds must revitalise Whitehall.

Promotion was largely by seniority, which meant waiting for dead men's shoes, and avoiding undue prominence meantime! Initiative and courage were at a discount.

Now, to a certain extent, these defects in the Civil Service were the result of our Parliamentary set-up.

Say Nothing, Do Nothing

If you have, so to speak, a general meeting of the shareholders of a company in permanent session—Parliament—and if every shareholder can any day ask any question of any member of the board of directors—the Government—on any aspect, however small, of the work of any director, you will find it necessary to "run to paper" much more than if the shareholders only meet for an hour once a year!

But, allowing for all this, there was still force in the criticism. And, in the Civil Service of the Future, we must eliminate the ground for it as much as possible.

Here are the main reforms I consider necessary:

First, we need a properly constituted Personnel Department. At present, the Civil Service Commission is responsible for recruitment. Departments are responsible for promotion. And the Treasury is responsible for wages and conditions of service.

We need a reconstituted Civil Service Commission, presided over by a Minister, to be responsible for all these fields.

Next, we need an amendment of the present Civil Service Superannuation Acts. As things are, a Civil Servant who leaves his job, other than on health grounds, or who is dismissed from it, loses his pension rights.

The result is that Civil Servants seldom resign, and are never sacked unless they are guilty of particularly outrageous conduct.

I would amend the Superannuation Acts to provide that any Civil Servant on retirement, at any age, should be entitled to that proportion of pension which his services had earned. Similarly, I would provide that a Civil Servant who was sacked should also be entitled to the proportion of pension earned by previous satisfactory service.

Lastly, I would abolish the "caste system" of recruitment to the Service under which the administrative jobs are reserved for university men, and executive jobs for advanced secondary school men.

They should have to compete, on merits, with the rest.

These three reforms would make an immense difference to that Old Civil Service. But more is needed for the Civil Service of the future.

Up till now the function of Government in relation to industry has been not to organise it, or run it—except in time of war—but to "keep the ring," leaving it to be run in the main by "private enterprise."

Now it is, I think, plain that in future the State will be much more involved in the planning, and it may be the running, of industry than in the past.

They'll be Needed

For that we shall need trained economists, experienced business men, and so on, who are not turned out ready-made by the schools and universities. Side by side with the Old Civil Service—which was, so to speak, an Administrative Civil Service—we shall need an Economic Civil Service, recruited on quite different lines.

That is the principal difference between the Past and the Future Civil Service. During this war, when the State has found it necessary to institute all sorts of control in industry, it has had to recruit people to apply these controls mainly from industry itself.

As a temporary expedient, this may be well enough. But, as a permanent thing, it will not do. The Civil Service must have its own economists, its own experts, its own "business men."

St. James's Park, lunchtime resort of Civil Servants, has no special enclosures for the Old School Tie Brigade. Now we should abolish the close preserves in Whitehall.

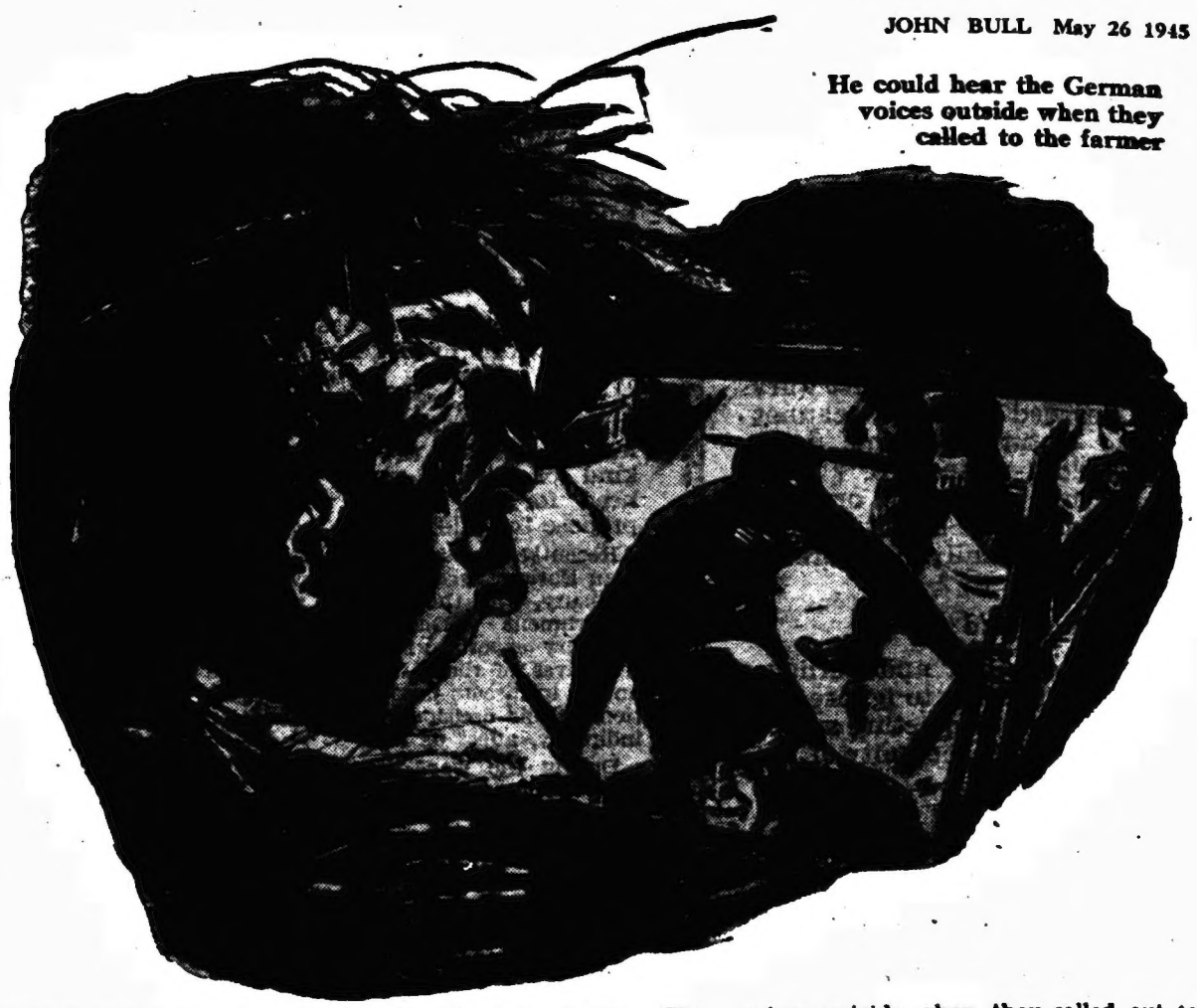
JOHN BULL Short Story

The BRATS

Only now are we beginning to learn some of the behind-the-scenes stories of Europe under occupation. Here, in the form of fiction, is a moving tale of how a handful of Norwegian schoolchildren reacted to a sudden crisis in their young lives . . .

by
OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROBERTZ



He could hear the German voices outside when they called to the farmer

WHEN HE TURNED HIS BACK to the class to write a few figures on the blackboard a storm of spitballs struck him.

Erik Bjornson kept his arm raised. He controlled an impulse to rush in among the brats and swing his cane right and left.

The anger passed as he lowered his arm, and in its place he felt a deep sorrow. He shook his head when he limped back to the desk.

He didn't hate the boys. He pitied them. He couldn't understand their delight in a thousand little cruelties. To find pleasure in viciousness, even of a petty sort, was not a Norwegian trait; that belonged to the Nazi invaders who patrolled the village streets.

Somewhere, Erik thought, good men were dying to restore Norway to these boys; and what would they do with it—youngsters who were growing up to be so cynical, so contemptuous of authority?

Erik put the cane aside and sat down, stretching out the twisted leg. If it weren't for that leg, he thought, he might have been a soldier instead of a teacher, and he wouldn't have to endure the torment of these children.

He looked around at them with sad eyes. They were grinning at his annoyance. He no longer knew what to think about them. He was glad that after to-day he wouldn't have to face them again.

To-night he would start the long journey to England by the underground route. "And if I don't reach England I'll reach death," he thought. "In either case, I won't see them again. So why let them upset me now?"

With a wave of his hand he dismissed the class.

When they had run out, howling, Erik Bjornson stared out of the window at the dazzling white summit of the Buarbrae Glacier. He sat in reverie, a lean man whose hair had begun to show patches of grey, and he didn't move until Sigurd Lang came into the schoolroom. Sigurd, who used to be the village printer, stood at the window until two Nazi soldiers had passed. Then he whispered:

"YOU WILL GO ALONE to-night, Erik, I'll follow in a couple of days. I'll meet you in Haugesund, at Haraldson's. From there we'll go across in the same boat."

Erik frowned. "I had hoped we would go together," he said.

"The instructions are for us to go separately." Sigurd tossed a quick "Good luck!" over his shoulder and left.

Erik Bjornson waited a while. He felt nervous. His hands were restless.

When he got up and limped out of the door a barrage of snowballs met him. One caught him full in the face. As he winced he heard the laughter of the brats, and for a moment he hated them almost as much as he hated the Germans. Maybe Norway *wasn't* worth saving for such as these. . . .

At midnight Erik left the village in the same way a dozen others had escaped before him, by hurrying into the blackness of the pine forest. There was snow on the ground. It was frozen so hard that his cane didn't stab through the crust. On his back he carried a small rucksack with whatever food and clothing he had been able to take.

Haugesund, on the sea, wasn't too far—maybe a hundred kilometres across the Hardanger snows. He would walk only at night, and his limp might delay him; but even so, with the nights now seventeen hours long, Erik hoped to reach the sea by the third night.

ON THE WAY THERE were farms, part of the underground chain, that would hide him and feed him in daylight. And once he came to Haugesund, he'd be safe in the cellar of the boatman, Gustav Haraldson, until it was time to sail.

Erik had walked through half the first night before he stopped under trees and stared back with a rush of panic. His tracks were clear enough in the snow. And it came to him that because of the brats at the schoolhouse he'd be caught long before he could reach the coast.

"When they see I'm not there in the morning," he thought, "they'll rush out of the school with their shouts. The Nazis will be bound to ask why they're not in class. Then they'll learn I've left the village——"

It would mean death, of course, to be caught. Erik drew a long breath and walked on; his eyes were harassed.

All the next day he rested in a barn, wondering if Storm Troopers were already following his tracks. And at night, when he pushed on, he looked back again and again. Sometimes he tried to run, but that was too exhausting. In the end he gave it up.

Then, toward dawn, he had a stroke of luck. Snow began to fall, covering his trail, and for that Erik Bjornson thanked heaven. He reached the safety of another barn at daybreak. And an hour later, when he looked out, he saw a patrol of six Germans come from the forest.

It was snowing so hard now that his tracks couldn't be visible. Still, Erik trembled as he dug himself under hay in the barn. He could hear the German voices outside when they called out to the farmer. Because Erik knew it was the brats who had caused this pursuit, he groaned and wondered again if it was worth while struggling to win the country back for these changed children.

What the farmer said to the Germans, he couldn't hear. They stamped into the barn, prodded around. But soon they went on; and by nightfall Erik Bjornson was able to continue his limping march toward Haugesund.

Three days later he was safe in Haraldson's cellar when Sigurd Lang arrived. Tall Sigurd looked flushed and happy. They hugged each other like brothers.

"The boat will be ready to take us to-morrow night," Sigurd said. Then he stepped back, grinning, to look over Erik. "You're a good sight my friend," he added. "Did you have much trouble making it?"

Erik laughed, with bitterness in the sound. "Some," he said. "But it passed." He told about the German patrol and how he had cursed the brats at the school. But when he said that the shock in Sigurd's face stopped him.

SIGURD BECAME GRAVE. He caught Erik's shoulders in hard hands, shook him. "Listen, Erik," he said. "Those brats have seen other men escape from the village before this—their own fathers, their own brothers. They know what it means. Do you think they would betray *you*?"

"They did," Erik said.

"No! They weren't responsible for that patrol. Do you know what happened when they found you had disappeared? Those youngsters kept coming to school every day. They stayed in the room hour after hour, doing their lessons until it was time to be dismissed.

"They even brought home the usual stories about teacher. They did nothing, Erik, to show you were gone. And they're *still* going to school. They're no fools, those brats, when it comes to fighting the Nazis."

Erik stared. After a moment he sank to the bench in Haraldson's cellar, too limp to stand. He looked up at Sigurd Lang, and a slow, wonderful joy began to rise in his heart. It welled up through his whole being, warm and glorious and proud. And after a while he whispered a strange thing.

"Sigurd," he said, "in the hands of those little brats I think Norway will yet be safe!"

Drawn by Styx

In investigating problems of nursing home control our Special Commissioner, WILLIAM J. GAGE, has met appalling official apathy. Regulations, he says, must be overhauled because—

It's Too Easy to Open a Nursing Home

A FEW YEARS AGO there arrived in Maidstone, Kent, from Ireland, a mother and daughter named McMunn. They both obtained training posts at a local hospital.

Mrs. McMunn stayed only a few months, but Norah, the daughter, remained at the hospital long enough to sit for examinations to enable her to apply for enrolment as a qualified nurse.

In due course, she obtained a State Registered Nurse's Certificate.

Then Mrs. McMunn, who has admitted on several occasions that she has had little nursing experience and has never possessed a State Certificate, thought it a good idea to open a nursing home.

A Financial Success

Now, the Registration of Nursing Homes Act imposes upon local authorities the responsibility to refuse (or cancel) a registration certificate "if the home is not under the charge of a person who is a qualified medical practitioner, or a qualified nurse *who is resident in the home*, or that there is not a proper proportion of qualified nurses among the persons having the superintendence of or *nursing of the patients* in the home."

Mrs. McMunn saw that she could fulfil these conditions with the aid of her daughter, now a State Registered Nurse. The daughter became the "qualified nurse in residence," and registration of the nursing home was successfully applied for.

A comparatively small house called "Easkey," in St. Andrew's Close, Maidstone, was first taken and opened under this arrangement. It proved so successful financially that the McMunns moved to bigger premises at "Abberley," Sittingbourne Road, Maidstone.

Senile cases, chronic cases, heart and "bed" cases have all been admitted to this home. The fees, to say the least, are by no means small.

There is *no* resident qualified nurse in permanent residence there now. There has not been one for many months.

Norah, the daughter, whose Nursing Certificate was the means of acquiring registration, took up duties elsewhere long ago. She only turns up at Maidstone on days or half-days off.

With the exception of a nurse who "pops in now and then," the sole staff at "Abberley" consists of Mrs. McMunn and her household assistant, a Mrs. Smith, who holds no nursing certificate either.

Even Mrs. Smith does not sleep on the premises. At night Mrs. McMunn is in charge of the patients alone without any qualified assistance.

She, of course, does her best in the circumstances. She is able to see that the patients are well looked after, but the fact remains that, in the absence of a resident qualified nurse, the home does not fulfil the required conditions.

I share the indignation of a number of nursing home authorities in Maidstone about the disquieting situation that has arisen over the manner of the county's administration of the Act.

Over-Worked Inspectors

Hundreds of nursing homes, large and small, are run on efficient lines by people who are fully qualified for the job. Their main object is the well-being and comfort of the sick and injured.

Unfortunately, the term "nursing home" has come to be used so vaguely that it covers institutions which vary

The ideal. But, as this article shows, many nursing homes fall short of this

widely in type and character. Some are so ill-equipped and poorly staffed that they should not be allowed to remain open.

During an official investigation some time ago the lack of qualified staff in several establishments was revealed. Cases came to light where patients, particularly elderly and senile ones, were left to look after themselves almost entirely, although they were not capable of doing so adequately.

There have been cases where bed-linen has only been changed at very infrequent intervals, even when soiled, and where old and almost helpless patients have developed bed-sores.

Under the Registration of Nursing Homes Act, which came into force in 1928 after long agitation by the Royal College of Nursing and other important medical bodies, the registration of nursing homes became compulsory.

Every local authority throughout the country was given the responsibility of seeing that the provisions of the Act were carried out, and also to arrange for inspection at appropriate intervals.

Unfortunately, for various reasons, the stringency with which it was hoped that the provisions of the Act would be enforced has not been suitably applied in some areas. Inspection has often been neglected through over-worked inspectors having to cope with too many duties and too large an area to cover.

When JOHN BULL first received inquiries about the nursing home run by Mrs. McMunn in Maidstone I made inquiries in the district, and went first to the Borough Medical Officer of Health, Dr. P. J. Gaffikin.

A Job for Kent

I found him most willing to help, but he was hurrying off to attend an inquest and, as he said, "Mrs. McMunn's home comes just outside the borough." He advised me to see the Clerk to the County Council, Mr. W. L. Platts.

I did so, but met with a very different reception. After a long wait, Mr. Platt's secretary came to see me. I explained that I wanted some official information about the nursing home. He went away and I was again kept waiting for a long time.

The result of this was that he returned to tell me: "I have had a few words with the official who has been dealing with this matter, but he has nothing to say." He added that I was not likely to get the official to alter his decision.

Correspondence between the Editor of JOHN BULL and Mr. Platt's department has taken the matter no further. I made another visit to the County Hall at Maidstone after Mr. Platts had been notified by registered post that I should be calling, and again met with no success.

Evasive replies on the same subject have been received from the County Hall by at least one local inquirer.

The members of the County Council may not like to be reminded that this is not the first time that their area has come in for criticism as regards treatment of the sick.

A report recently issued by the Ministry of Health, entitled "Hospital Survey in London and the Surrounding Area," paints a dismal picture of the County of Kent's hospital and nursing facilities.

It refers to "two old hospitals which should be closed." It mentions "an old mixed institution with poor sick wards." A further note includes the phrase "marked deficiency of specialist staff and of satisfactory accommodation."

Among other things, the report stresses the fact that "an extensive building programme is a matter of urgency."

A final indictment is given in the concluding comment in the report: "Owing to past neglect, there is a considerable leeway to make up in Kent before the county can enjoy adequate hospital services."

The sick and the senile must have qualified care.

Local authorities must see that properly qualified nursing staffs are available day and night.

What Is a Nursing Home?

They must make sure that *any* inquiry, especially of the type that I took to the Maidstone County Hall, should be properly investigated and a remedy sought.

It would be helpful, too, if the real significance of the term "nursing home" were officially defined.

Many people are running homes which they think come outside the nursing home laws. Would their ignorance be accepted in a court if they were found guilty of neglect?

Would they be exonerated because they failed to understand that, in the official mind, a nursing home proper is a registered dwelling, in which all the comforts of home are to be found, and where nursing by adequate and fully trained staffs is efficiently provided

They Started in 1276—and They're Still At It!

by WILL SCOTT

ON THE 29TH OF MAY, A.D. 2614, they will be electing the City Chamberlain in London. Six hundred and sixty-nine years on from now.

Am I sure? Well . . .

Chief business of the City Chamberlain is the keeping of the "City's cash." In other places they might call him merely Treasurer. He has other functions, of course, such as looking after the Roll of Freemen. He is part of the show on Lord Mayor's Day, though I doubt if you could pick him out.

And every 29th of May they elect a new one.

I don't claim to be much of a prophet when I say that they'll still be at it, electing a new City Chamberlain, on the 29th of May, 2614, six hundred and sixty-nine years on from now. In saying this I am not really looking forward. I am looking back. Back to the 29th of May, 1276.

THEY WERE AT IT THEN. So far as the records can tell us, they were at it then for the first time. Edward I was King. There was a war on. Times were pretty foul. But they elected a City Chamberlain.

Although none of us can look ahead for any distance there are a lot of people who *will* look ahead and see the end of tucked-away ceremonies such as the election of a City Chamberlain. They say that the world is changing so rapidly that there will be no room in it for affairs of this kind in a couple of generations.

Lord Mayors, "beating the bounds," the Dunmow Flitch, Pancake Day . . You could draw up a list a mile long.

I know a number of people who seem happy to tell me that in the future the world will be too busy for that kind of nonsense.

As if the world had never been busy before. As if it had been fast asleep since the Garden of Eden.

Looking back, it seems to me that it's been a pretty busy old world. Certainly London has been a pretty busy old town. You wouldn't think it had ever had much time for nonsense.

When the Great Armada was on its way to these shores there must have been many people in London town who saw the end of everything a day or two away. "Civilisation is crumbling." You can hear them talking.

When Wat Tyler and the mob broke into the City, when Charles fell and Cromwell rose, when the Plague emptied London's streets and when, a year later, the Great Fire swept those streets away, you may be pretty sure there were plenty of people to say the end was near.

"Civilisation is crumbling."

Wars, civil and otherwise, came and went; plagues, fires, risings, even—lately—blitzes. Through the lot, they, whoever they may be, were at it electing a City Chamberlain.

That's why I think they'll still be at it on the 29th of May, 2614.

You may think otherwise. You may think that gentlemen like the City Chamberlain are on their way out in a world like this.

BUT I'LL BET Mr. Wm. Brown, citizen of London town, when his city burned around his ears in September, 1666, was *certain* that gentlemen like the City Chamberlain were on their way out in a world like that. Perhaps he was certain that the world itself was on its way out.

But I know what he could never know, that on this 29th of May, 1945, they're still at it electing a new City Chamberlain.

Six hundred and sixty-nine years back they started. In six hundred and sixty-nine years to come they will be keeping on.

Free Speech

SHOULD THE GENERAL ELECTION WAIT ON FINAL VICTORY?

Praise for newspaper vendors. When bereaved mothers deserve pensions. Are birds affected by fog? Cheques can be a nuisance. Victims of absent teachers. Religion had nothing to do with it. Manners are not what they were

I CAN SEE NO SENSE at all in having a General Election at this stage. If the Conservatives win, we shall lose the services of those Labour Members of the Cabinet who have helped so much during the war. On the other hand, if the Labour Party wins, we shall lose the services of such men as Churchill, Eden and Butler—and all this before Japan has been defeated.

If the parties turn out to be almost equally divided, then party politics will take the lead instead of the carrying on of the war in the East. Why not wait until Japan is beaten before plunging the country into political turmoil?—M. IRWIN, Hill Road, Porchester, Hants.

Friendly Folk

I AM AN AUSTRALIAN, and have lived in England for the last five years. The idea that the English are stiff or reserved is nonsense. In a bus queue in Oxford, strangers have told me of their bereavements. A lady from London started to chat and took me to her houseboat on the Isis, where she gave me a boiled egg. In a big shop the other day, an elderly woman, a complete stranger, asked for my advice about a hat. Don't you believe that story about English reserve.—Mrs. MARGARET B. TOMS, Yarnton Road, Cassington, Oxford.

Dangerous Work

WHEN THE HANDSHAKES and the glory are handed out I hope our London newsvendors will also be included. My particular newspaper seller has smiled through bombs, doodles and rockets, always cheerful, helpful and full of victory confidence since the beginning. Hail, rain, snow or blow, he's stuck to his pitch, a real newsman and a loyal Londoner.—CHAS. WOOD, 10, Grey House, White City, W.12.

"We'll Set Standards"

OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS in the papers always interest me, but I am amazed at the number who try to compare our standards in Britain with those of other countries.

Why don't our soldiers get the same pay as the Americans? Why haven't we been as ruthless with the Germans as they were to others? Why don't we have a government like the Russians? This is all nonsense.

We are British. Let us set the standards and the others can follow.—W. FARMER, 20, Gladstone Street, Aston, Birmingham.

Widows Before Mothers

IS IT NOT TIME a word was said about the injustice of granting pensions to able-bodied young widows of Servicemen, often after a marriage of only a few weeks, while the men's mothers are left without the right to even a few personal relics of sons to whom they have devoted a lifetime's care? I have come across several cases lately where the newcomer has claimed everything and shown a callous indifference to the feelings of the mother.—"FAIRPLAY," London, W.3.

Lost in the Fog?

I WAS FLYING RECENTLY when a ground fog covered a wide area. Trees and church steeples stuck up through the fog here and there. From the top of a steeple birds were flying off a little way and then going back to roost.

Suddenly the fog got higher and covered the trees, leaving a lot of birds with nowhere to land. The birds seemed to panic. This appears to show that birds can't fly in fog or cloud. I wonder whether any of your readers can confirm this.—FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT POCOCK, Seighford, near Stafford.

None for the Road

IS THE IDEA OF LICENSING hours to discourage drunkenness? If so, it doesn't work. I've often heard a man ask for a pint at the last minute, remarking that he wouldn't be able to get another till they opened again. Probably he didn't really want the pint.

I believe that if public-houses were open from, say, 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. continuously, most heavy drinkers would develop the habit of taking only "an occasional one," knowing that they could get a drink at any time without having to keep an eye on the clock.—B. L., Scunthorpe, Lincs.

Two Views

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR FAIR and impartial treatment of the difficult subject of artificial insemination (JOHN BULL, May 5). The opinions of a doctor, a lawyer, a priest and a psychologist were just what was wanted to enable readers to see the subject in correct perspective and to form their own conclusions on it.

Granted that it is the very nature of a woman to bear children, and that her mature life is not complete without them, then artificial insemination is going to be a great blessing in our future world.—J. MARTIN, Kings Norton, Birmingham.

I AM NOT A ROMAN CATHOLIC, but I agree absolutely with all that the priest said in your article about artificial insemination. It is a beastly, degrading business and is foreign to the best traditions of our English women. The Church of England and the Nonconformist Churches should warn their followers to have nothing to do with this loathsome thing.—Mrs. J. H. HODSON, The Outwoods, Canvey Island, Essex.

[As requested by this reader, the award of one guinea has been given to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund.—EDITOR.]

"Pretty active getting off"

No Time for Exercises

I HAVE NEVER YET met anyone who listens to (and does) the morning exercises on the B.B.C. They seem a complete waste of time. All the people I've asked have either to be pretty active getting off to work or prefer to spend the time in their warm beds.—M. V. TURNER, 10, Beauvais Drive, Riddlesden, near Keighley, Yorkshire.

"They Steal Our Food"

I WAS VERY PLEASED to see your article exposing dock thieves (JOHN BULL, May 5). From personal experience I know that many of them are holding "high up" positions. I have worked in the —— Docks for many years. They are easy to get in and out. In many cases I have taken drastic action after probing thefts there.

Plots are hatched in local public-houses, and it is no exaggeration to say that quite a third of the dockers steal. It is remarkable what some can conceal under their clothes. One man has bragged that he made £34 from the deal. I have seen ships robbed by their own guards, and valuable cargo passed over the side of a ship to other vessels.

You are quite right when you say that, in fairness to docks authorities, genuine dock workers and to the public, the whole system needs reorganising at once. I obviously must ask you to withhold my name and address.—DOCKER, Lancs.

Bankers, Please Note!

IT'S ABOUT TIME something was done to remedy the difficulty of cashing cheques when you haven't a bank account. Though I am quite well known to the manager of a bank I visited, he would not cash me a cheque, and advised me to go to a local tradesman. The banks should be ready to oblige those who do not wish to have an account.—JOHN HUGHES, Glan Llyn Farm, Morfa Bychan, Portmadoc, North Wales.

Overcrowded at School

BECAUSE OF TEACHER absenteeism, eighty-four children crowd into my classroom, which is 9 yds. by 8 yds. The average age of the children is eight years. They are squeezed three and four in a desk with nineteen sitting on the floor.

Outside the windows is a mountain field, fresh and inviting. When I asked the Head if I could take the children out she said they could not learn "out there." As a recruit to the profession, I wonder whether some teachers don't need teaching themselves.—GRADUATE, Glamorgan.

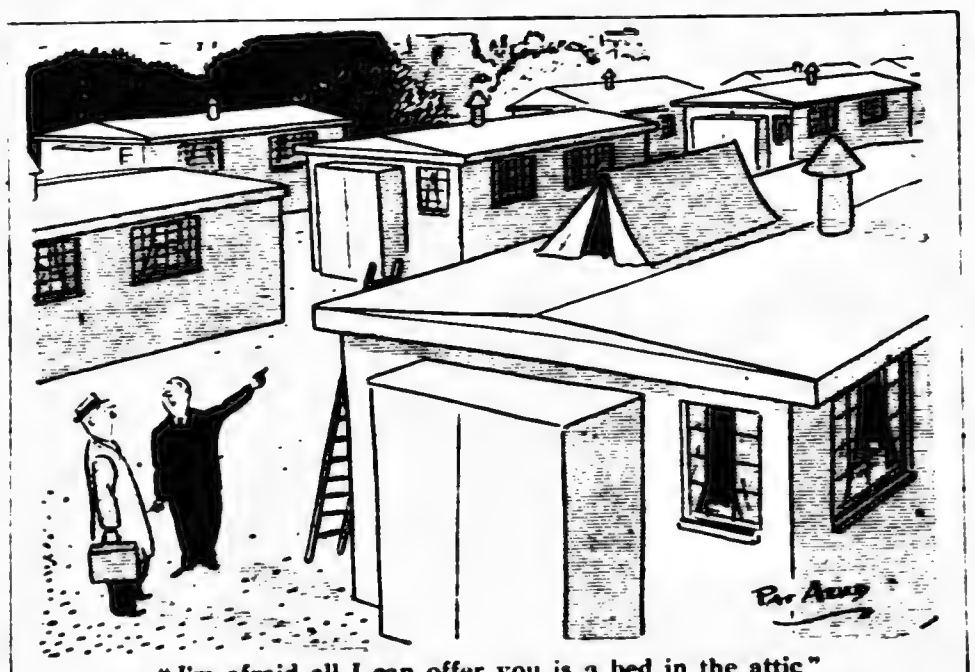
Inquisitive Employer

A FRIEND, REPLYING to an advertisement from a business house, was questioned by her prospective employer about her religious beliefs and the place of worship she attended. What impertinence! Not the slightest explanation was given about the importance of her religion in the job that was to be filled—the post of office assistant in a drapery store.—W. J. RUNDLE, Halcyon, Hayman Road, Minehead, Somerset.

Disappearing Manners

AS AN OLD MAN who has had most of his day, perhaps I ought not to grumble, but I can't help noticing the lack of social manners among our womenfolk. From long custom, I practise such small courtesies as holding shop doors open for women. In five cases out of six I never get a "Thank you" in these days.—C. J. M., Worthing, Sussex.

THIS PAGE is reserved for your opinions and one guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.



"I'm afraid all I can offer you is a bed in the attic"

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

I think it is time my Constant Reader, whose name is Hezekiah Shufflebeam, received some reward for reading this column every week. I am therefore publishing, without prejudice, without correction, and without much hope, an article which he has written about Japan. —IAN FOX.

All About Japan

JAPAN IS THE COUNTRY which is now on everybody's lips. The professional writers and military correspondents haven't got round properly to Japan yet, so I am getting in first.

I have never been to Japan, but I have picked up a lot about it here and there, and I bet I know as much as you do. If any ordinary person knows more, he had better write this instead of me.

Well, Japan is a small island on the right-hand side of China at the top. It is a long, thin island with a slight curve. There are some more islands at the bottom of it, but they don't count much.

The Japanese are called Little Yellow Men because they are small and yellow. They inhabit paper houses and live on a handful of rice a day. They are sly, cunning, crafty, and underhand, but they have a very high principle of honour.

WE HAVE BEEN AT WAR with Japan for several years, though I forget exactly how long. It was before Pearl Harbour, anyway. The Japs' underhand, caddish tricks are shown by the fact that they overran Malay, Singapore, etc., before we were ready.

Japan has a powerful navy. It is rather like Hitler's oil because the Allies have destroyed three-quarters of it several times already.

The Japs are dirty fighters in war. They disguise themselves as bits of jungle, and they snipe instead of coming out into the open.

They have one handicap, though. They daren't send spies into our lines because we can recognise them at a glance. So, too, can the Chinese because they know the difference.

The National sport of the Japs is committing suicide, or hari-kiri. In the jungle this is useful to us, and saves a lot of time and trouble. But it is not useful when they dive-bomb a battleship without pulling out of the dive.

WHEN THEY DIE, the Japs go to join their ancestors. They have a lot of these owing to the habit of hari-kiri mentioned above.

According to the cartoonists, all the Japanese wear horn-rimmed glasses and have large false teeth. They don't like losing face. This is peculiar because you would think anyone would like to lose a Japanese face. Losing face in their language means that you don't turn out to be as good as you hoped people thought you were.

The chief word in the Japanese language is "hon." Talking of hari-kiri they say, "When me captured by hon. Allies, me stick hon. knife into hon. guts." The correct reply is "Go hon."

Japanese women wear skewers in their hair and are called names like Madame Butterfly. They sing a lot under cherry trees and fall in love with naval officers. The national anthem is called "One Fine Day."

As to how long the war in the Far East will last, I can only go by my favourite military correspondent who says, "It will be over when Japan is no longer able to fight."

Wimbledon Common—taken for granted by Londoners, it's part of their green belt that no one can take from them

MEN DIED FOR OUR COMMONS

The war has endangered common lands for which our ancestors fought and suffered imprisonment. Can we win the open spaces back?

by J. M. MICHAELSON

MIDNIGHT AT LONDON'S Euston Station. At one of the platforms stood a "special" waiting for the passengers for whom it had been chartered.

Presently they arrived, nearly 200 of them. They were powerful navvies and their luggage was only crowbars, picks and shovels. They did not know where they were going nor why.

The train carried them through the night for an hour. On the platform of a silent station their unknown employers formed them up, then led them into the darkness. Presently they stopped.

"See this iron fence? We want it levelled before daybreak," was the order. "Do the job thoroughly, but work quietly and do as little damage as possible."

Four Year Lawsuit

Before the sun rose on that March day just seventy-nine years ago the great iron fence was laid neatly on the ground of Berkhamsted Common.

Thus dramatically another great stretch of common land was saved for the people. A lawsuit followed, but Augustus Smith, who had hired the navvies, was ready for a fight. The suit lasted four years and cost a fortune, but he won.

To-day Parliament is debating another threat to our ancient heritage of commons and footpaths.

War has made it necessary to take over hundreds of thousands of acres of common land and to close thousands of footpaths. Defence Regulations gave Ministries the right to do this. The Air Ministry alone have made more than a thousand Orders to close footpaths and rights-of-way.

The Requisitioned Land and War Works Bill seeks to make some of these losses of common land and rights-of-way permanent. Factories, aerodromes and expensive buildings have been built on the land.

The Government does not want all this to be a dead loss to the taxpayer. On the other hand, debates have shown that many M.P.s are unhappy about the safeguards against a second great "enclosure" of commons. They fear that it may be as bad as that which swept the country in the last century, when greedy landowners, at the price of a few fences, "won" 5,000,000 acres and hundreds of miles of footpaths from the public.

The law on common lands and footpaths is extremely complex. In many cases, the rights of the public depend upon the exercising of these rights and on the footpaths being used. The Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society, founded exactly eighty years ago, and other bodies such as the Ramblers' Association, have done good work in keeping an eye on those that have been ploughed up. But on the public eventually falls the responsibility of preserving their heritage by using it.

Our commons and footpaths were won for us by public-spirited men when there seemed a danger that the whole of England would be enclosed in fences.

One such man was Willingale. On a November night nearly eighty years ago he determined to exercise his commoner's rights in spite of the fences put up by a local rector who was busy enclosing land. With his sons he broke down part of the fence one night and lopped branches in the forest.

He was haled before the local justices. His offence was even more heinous in the eyes of landowners than poaching! He was given two months' imprisonment with hard labour. Owing to being placed in a damp cell, one of his sons died.

The feud against Willingale was carried to the point where he was refused employment. But he stood his ground. In the lawsuits which resulted he fought with the aid of money from wealthier men. The commoners won, and great stretches of land were saved for the public.

Landowner's Bluff

Lopping branches on a particular day in the year was a not uncommon custom to demonstrate the rights of commoners over certain lands. A landowner once conceived the cunning scheme of making every villager drunk on the critical day so that no branches would be lopped and he would be able to claim that the rights had lapsed. Fortunately, some of the men remained sober enough to remember and exercise their rights, so that the lands were preserved for the people.

The great weapon of the land enclosers was money. Suits about rights of way and common land can be very expensive. The threat of action was enough to cow a man of moderate means who could not face the costs even in a successful action. One case in Yorkshire cost £16,000, and an unsuccessful action by the public in the area round Stonehenge cost £4,000.

Public-spirited men came forward with money, and the formation of the Commons Preservation Society, as it was originally called, effectively stopped at least the most barefaced enclosures.

Although the battle of the enclosures ended before the present century, leaving England with about 1,600,000 acres of commons and some 300,000 public footpaths, constant vigilance has been necessary ever since.

Just before the war a conference of representatives of the 8,000 parish councils agreed to carry out a complete survey of the 300,000 public footpaths. In 1937 the Ministry of Health gave its support to a reform that had long been urged—the sign-posting of every footpath. It agreed to grants to local councils to assist them in this great task.

Landowners have sometimes attempted to bluff the public out of their rights by frightening notices. The notice, "Trespassers Will be Prosecuted," has sometimes been used for this purpose. Even "Beware of the Bull" has been used to keep people out of a field with a public footpath through it.

In Scotland a rambler came across the following notice: "Visitors are strongly advised to keep to the path after August 12 so as not to disturb the deer. The modern rifle carries far and makes little noise. The soft-nosed bullet inflicts a very nasty wound."

No doubt this warning was perfectly legal. But the intent was obvious.

Reasonable Safeguards

The rights of ramblers were greatly increased by the Law of Property Act, 1925, which allowed public access to every common any part of which fell within an urban area. But, while people should not allow themselves to be bluffed, strictly they are only entitled to use footpaths *for passage*. Some years ago a High Court held that a man was not entitled to walk *to and fro* along an admitted public path on a Yorkshire moor in order to obstruct a grouse drive.

The Law of Property Act was an important addition to the Statutory protection of the rights for which men in the last century fought so hard. While giving the public access to new ground, it provided for by-laws prohibiting unsocial acts on the ground.

Twelve years ago the Act was applied to the great Crown commons in Wales covering 75,000 acres and to 2,100 acres in the Lake District. Enlightened landowners have increasingly given the public access to their manorial commons subject to reasonable restrictions about camping and fire-lighting. Any landowner can throw open his uncultivated land and allow the local council to apply by-laws to it to prevent damage by thoughtless visitors. This is obviously more sensible than waging continual war on the public with paid keepers.

Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been spent in the last eighty years to preserve the rights of commoners which sometimes go back to the Doomsday Book. We who inherit this priceless heritage should do all we can to preserve it by supporting the societies actively concerned and reporting any apparent encroachment.

Warning to 'Frisco

WHAT Mr. Eden said at San Francisco just lately, Mr. V. B. Reid (25, Queen's Park Ave., Edinburgh) had said on a *Bullets* coupon the week before. And £300 First Prize was his reward in Contest 1,474 for these telling words: Last Chance—Grab *That*, Selfish World!

What *you* say on your coupon below can win you any of this week's 1,773 prizes—why not that £250 First? For *Bulletin* Double Number, enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry.

ANOTHER GRAND VICTORY OFFER

£250 CASH plus CELEBRATION WEEK-END for TWO

£20 plus VE BONUS
£10 plus VE BONUS
10 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 50 of 10s.
200 of 2s. 6d., 1,500 Merit Awards

☞ Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* VE Double Number, No. 2, including historic "*Bullets* at War" Supplement.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

PRICE OF VICTORY
TO FINISH THE JOB
LOOK OUT, JAPAN
THANKS TO WINSTON
GERMANY'S FUTURE
A FRESH START
JUSTICE
IN THE WAKE OF WAR
WHEN THEY RETURN
ON THE HORIZON
AS LONG AS WE LIVE
LAUGHTER AND TEARS
CHILDREN OF TO-DAY
ELECTION FEVER
FOR BETTER OR WORSE
LOVE'S MAGIC
NOT SETTLED YET
GOOD THINGS
HENPECK'S HOLIDAY
DOWN ON THE FARM

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

WORTH A.....
LISTENING TO THE.....
HAS TO BE.....
TOWARDS .....
KNOCKED INTO .....
DAD'S NO....., BUT

RESULT No. 1,476—FIRST PRIZE £200

S. CURRY, 141, SPRINGFIELD ROAD, KEARSLEY, LANCS.

GERMANY OF TO-MORROW IN CAGE, IN CASE!

£20: J. L. Roche, 31, Queen's Close, Newport, Mon.
Winston's Problem—"Carrying", Country, After World.

£10: L.A.C. R. E. Atkins, c/o 6, Farm Street, Gloucester.
Hitler Departed And—Bequeathed Admiral The "Shipwreck"!

£5: F. W. Burton, Swan Tap, Newport Pagnell.
A Great American—Disaster—One Man Lost.

£4: T. J. Price, "Garreg Wen,". Park Crescent, Abergavenny.
In The Hearts Of Men—"Flint" Won't "Kindle" Brotherhood.

£3: R. Waite, 13, Baythorne Road, Liverpool.
To Encourage Motherhood—Just How? Just House!

6 of £2:
L. S. W. H. Bates, c/o Mrs. Bates, 92, Alexandra Road, E. Croydon.
Tommy And Co.—Jubilant—Their "Market's" *Diminishing*.

M. H. Brown, 47, Thornton Road, Morecambe.
Seems Only Yesterday—To Borrower, Not Me!

Mrs. A. I. Creber, 12, Headland Grove, Paignton.
Our Struggle Eased By "Comforting Neighbours."

L. Davies, 153, Chester Road, Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham.
Missed The Beat—Hitler—And Caught Submarine?

G. J. Jenkins, Ty Bryn, 5, New Road, Skewen.
At Our Local—Pub, Friendship—Church, Squabbling!

Lieut. A. A. Pickard, c/o 30, Bells Orchard, Wareham, Dorset.
Waste Of Time—Writing Member? Right, Remember!

A list of 50 winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

THREE £25 CHEQUES WON IN XWORD 428. WINNING WORDS: 1. Stroke. 2. Burn. 3. Fat. 4. Hill. 5. Twins. 6. Living. 7. Toil. 8. Globe. 9. May. 10. Wits. 11. Boat. 12. Bull. 13. Clue. 14. Scow.

£75 SHARERS: J. H. Harrison, 637, Alexandra Parade, Glasgow; T. W. Owen, 4, Granville Road, Timperley, Ches.; E. Ray, 2, Naburn Street, Manchester.

RUNNERS-UP Awards value £25 shared between 18 entrants. All Winners and Runners-up receive Fruit Cake.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—An entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four neat and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used make payable to JOHN BULL, cross '& Co.', write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated June 23, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,480, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 "Bullets" you may enclose extra 2 lines on plain paper, coupon also.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1480
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, JUNE 4.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

For JUNE 16 DOUBLE "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 2½d. STD. ADD. ENVELOPE

write to JOHN BULL about it

RE-DISCOVERING THE PLEASURES OF READING

An ex-soldier can study clock-making. Working of the new Education Act. Help for apprentices when they are released from the Services

"YEARS AGO I USED to get a great deal of pleasure from books, but during the war I have had almost no time for reading. Now I seem unable to start again. This is worrying me because in a short time I shall be retiring from active life. I am afraid I shall be at a loose end, although I had always looked forward to the time when I could read as much as I liked.

"I have no hobbies beyond chess and crossword puzzles. I don't want to waste my time just pottering about. Can you offer any tips to help me?"

Hundreds of people who were omnivorous readers before the war have lost the habit of reading. The anxieties created by war time conditions made it impossible to concentrate on a pursuit which requires a tranquil mind.

But you are worried unnecessarily. You can easily recapture the former habit which gave you so much pleasure. First try a change of interest—it will probably have an awakening influence. We shall be living in a very different world. We shall be indifferent to the old leisurely books and crave something which is more in harmony with fast-moving modern times.

I suggest that you try some of the younger writers for a while. If you don't approve of the new world we are entering, then you will appreciate returning to the old. If you don't like the young poets of to-day, you will return with zest to Shelley and Keats. If you don't appreciate the new drama, you will find fresh pleasure in Shakespeare and the Elizabethans.

"I AM AN EX-SERVICEMAN, discharged from the Army on medical grounds. I am finding it difficult to follow my usual occupation and should like to train for light radio assembling or for watch and clock making. The local employment exchange cannot do anything for me, and I don't quite know what to do."

There are three training courses in radio assembling, and no fewer than six in watch and clock making. You can choose your town for training. In Slough, Buckinghamshire, there are courses in both the subjects you mention. Watch and clock making can be learnt at Leeds, Leicester, London, and Southampton, as well as in South Wales.

If your local employment exchange officials have no information about these courses they can easily get it for you from their headquarters. Otherwise you can write to the Ministry of Labour in London.

"AS THE FATHER of three young boys, I want to know about this new Education Act. We were told that it would begin to operate on April 1, but so far I can see no changes at all. I understand that all children would have a secondary education without fees. Is this true? If the Act is not being made to work, what can be done about it?"

I think that you, like a great many parents, imagine that secondary education means going to a grammar school. Under the new Act there will be three different types of secondary school, and children will go to them according to their ability.

Grammar school education will suit the boy who is going into one of the professions. For a boy who is going to become, for example, an electrician, an academic training would be a waste of valuable years. What is more, it would probably bore him.

It is true that certain direct-grant schools are still allowed to charge fees, as also are the public schools. But secondary schools maintained out of public money cannot now charge fees.

Parents should stir up their local education authorities and agitate until they are compelled to make use of the powers which the new Act has given them. Some authorities need no such pressure; others most emphatically do.

"MY SON, aged thirteen, is very difficult and 'nervy.' There is nothing wrong with him mentally. I should like him to go to a psychologist to find out if he cannot develop a better-balanced temperament.

"I have heard a woman psychologist speaking on the radio and she seems to be just the sort of person I want to consult. Will you give me the names of psychologists who specialise in children's troubles?"

I could give you names of psychologists who specialise in dealing with difficult and maladjusted children, but I think you would find it easier, at any rate as a first step, to arrange for your son to visit a clinic for such cases. There is one in almost every big town, and is run by the local educational authority. An inquiry at your local town hall would probably tell you the nearest one to you. The fee will be either nothing or purely nominal.

Helping Apprentices

Pte. S., Skegness: The Government have arranged a scheme under which an apprentice who was in a skilled occupation when called up will be assisted to complete his apprenticeship with his former employer, or, if necessary, some other employer, so that he may qualify as a journeyman in his trade.

The scheme will cover not only indentured apprentices, but also apprentices who were not indentured and learners who were undergoing a period of training in accordance with the custom of their trade. The test will be whether a man was pursuing a period of training of not less than three years' duration fixed in advance as a condition of being recognised as a journeyman or skilled workman.

L. W., Axminster: Releases from the Forces in Class B will not start until some time after releases in Class A have begun. The release of a man in Class B will not put back the release of a man in Class A. Additional men have been, and are being, recruited to replace men released in Class B.

S. G., Huddersfield: It is not proposed to repurchase Anderson and Morrison shelters sold to householders. With regard to those that have been supplied free of charge, labour is not likely to be available to enable local authorities to make either an early start or rapid progress with the work of removal. It is necessary for householders to keep them until arrangements can be made to remove them.

A. P., Burnley: Service in the Palestine Police Force will count in allocating a soldier's group in the age plus service release scheme.

ANON., Southport: The £1 note which you were good enough to send has been passed on to our correspondent. Many thanks.

X-WORD CASH. RADIO. PENS

£50 and Radio for outright winner. Other prizes value £25 and Fountain Pens. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Now and again gets into stew—□NION. 2. Take great care in making this if you want it to stand—W□LL. 3. Angler's this is commonly exaggerated—TA□E. 4. In some matches cricket ball frequently smashes into—□AILS. 5. Vicious one can't very well be playful, too—D□G. 6. Fittingly described as billowy—□OWNS. 7. Is noisy and disturbing—HU□. 8. Public seat is often this—C□RVED. 9. They speak of adventures to many a young lad—PO□TS. 10. It's not an easy place to get out of—□ELL. 11. It saves time if factory workers get to work in one—T□AM. 12. It's common opinion most men thus described are a bit queer—□ARDS. 13. Some people who do this are apt to go off the deep end—DI□E. 14. Eventually it will get soldiers down if badly this when in action—□ED.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated June 16 with *Bulletin* Double Number, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing postmark—**MONDAY, June 4.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 432, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Xword No 428 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WINDOWS CLEAN IN A JIFFY!

I pour some Windolene on to a soft cloth...

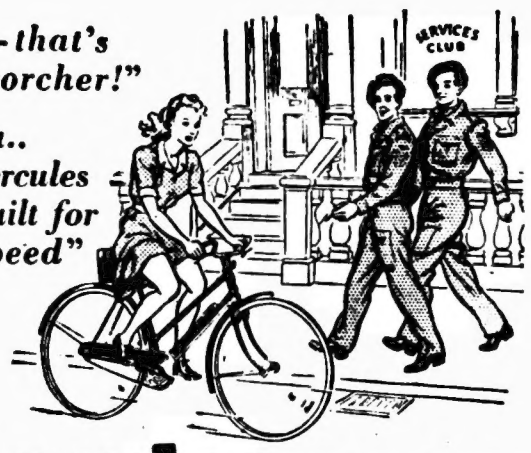
Spread it over the whole window—it forms a white film...

Let it dry a moment, give a quick polish—and the glass sparkles

What—clean windows the old bucket-and-water way! Not us, say busy housewives everywhere. It's Windolene, and no more hard rubbing for them. Windolene cleans in a jiffy—removes all grease and dirt, gives a rich, lasting gloss. It's just as good for mirrors and picture glass, too. From grocers or ironmongers.

Windolene
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

"I say—that's a scorcher!"
"Ah-ha.. the Hercules is built for speed"



Hercules CYCLES
THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO · LTD · ASTON · BIRMINGHAM

GUARD YOUR TEETH...
...Night & Morning

The only way to keep your teeth safe from acid is by regular cleansing. However rushed you may be, you really cannot afford ever to neglect them. So every night and every morning clean your teeth thoroughly with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This is the one toothpaste which contains 'Milk of Magnesia,'* recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd.)
★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia*

Listen with
EKCO
Radio

Look forward to
EKCO
Television

Jutting Chin?

Chins of all sorts demand one thing—an 'Easy' shave. 'Easy' works up its lather in double-quick time. 'Easy' takes the load off your blade. 'Easy' is good for 100 good shaves in every stick. So, whatever kind of chin you're blessed with . . .

***the answer's* EASY** (JB)
SHAVING STICK
7½D PER STICK *(includes purchase tax)*
LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED
E 378-757-55

You can't be alert and on top of your job if your bloodstream isn't clean. So—
—every morning take
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

Take my advice . . get some (JB)
DETTOL BRAND **OINTMENT**

Time and time again a skin trouble which seemed as though it would never heal, has taken a sudden turn and quickly cleared up. The skin that was sore and erupted is clean and healthy again. Days and nights of torment are ended; and all because someone said "Get some Dettol Ointment." This soothing, healing, germ-killing ointment contains in active form the bactericidal ingredient of the famous antiseptic Dettol.

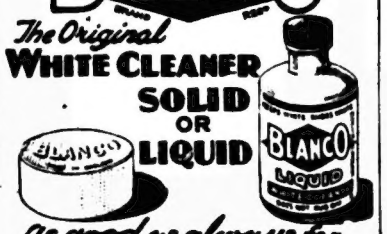
From all Chemists, price 1/5, large size 3/4½, including tax.

Pifco SHARPEX
RAZOR BLADE SHARPENER
Obtainable at Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and all good-class Chemists
4/6

Think in STEAD

use **STEAD** RAZOR BLADES

BLANCO
The Original
WHITE CLEANER
SOLID OR LIQUID



as good as always for
WHITE CANVAS & BUCKSKIN SHOES
Warning Joseph Pirkering & Sons Ltd., Sheffield, England are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaners are called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO."

So Soft . . . So Safe
So Secure
SENTINEL
ALL COTTON WOOL HYGIENIC TOWELS
In four sizes 1, 2, 3 & 4 (maternity).
Also KUMFEX Soluble.
(All with loop ends).
From all chemists, drapers and stores.
Splendor Ltd., Nottingham
Baby and Sanitary Wear Manufacturers.

CAPENSIS
EXTRA SOFT

Max. Controlled Price 8½d. per roll.

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

FOOD M/F FACTS

HOW TO GET THE NEW RATION BOOK

CUT OUT THIS NOTICE AND KEEP IT BY YOU

The new Ration Book (with the next Clothing Book) will be issued from May 28th onwards. It will be used for food purchases from July 22nd.

You will get your new Ration Book in the same way as last year. These simple directions have been divided into BEFORE, DURING and AFTER. Take these stages one at a time, and you will help to make the job of giving out even 45,000,000 books go with a swing.

BEFORE

Before you can get your new Ration Book you must see that both your IDENTITY CARD and your PRESENT RATION BOOK are in order.

Your *Identity Card* should have your present permanent address on it. If it has not, or if you have lost your card, go at once to your local National Registration Office (same address as the Food Office), taking your present Ration Book with you. Remember, it's no good going to a ration book distribution centre if your Identity Card has been lost or is incorrect.

Page 4 (the Reference Leaf) of your PRESENT RATION BOOK has been left blank so far. This must be filled in now. *This page must not be cut out.* SPECIAL NOTE: Every woman should write MRS. in front of her name at the top of page 4 if she is married or has been married at any time, otherwise she should write MISS. Thus MRS. SMITH or MISS SMITH.

Make sure that pages 5 and 6 have the names and addresses of your retailers written or stamped in the spaces provided.

DURING

During the time that the new books are being given out (May 28th onwards), the posters in your Food Office area and advertisements in your local newspapers will tell you where and when to get your book. Remember that the poster to go by is the one in your own Food Office area. It will be shown in Post Offices, cinemas and elsewhere.

When you go to get your new Ration Book you must have your present Food Book and your Identity Card with you. *Anyone can fetch your new book for you if they take your old book and Identity Card.* All the books for a household can be collected at one time, even if the surnames are different. Other arrangements will be made for people who cannot possibly fetch or send for their new book at the proper time.

If you are an expectant mother and are due to go to the Food Office between May 28th and July 22nd to get your green Ration Book renewed, you can get your new Ration Books then. Holders of temporary (yellow) Identity Cards who have to apply for extension during this period can also get their Books then.

AFTER

After you have got your new book you must :

(1) Write your address on the front cover of the Food Book and your name, address and National Registration Number on the front of the Clothing Book.

(2) Next remove the Clothing Book carefully and put it away in a safe place. You will be told when you can use it. Until then none of the coupons in it is valid.

(3) Then, on page 5 of the Ration Book, write your name, National Registration Number and address in Section A and at the top of page 6, your *present* milk retailer's name and address. The other spaces on page 6 are for use when you re-register.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 254

CHAMPION'S MALT VINEGAR

Mature & Mellow

Established since 1705

CHAMPION & SLEE LTD.
LONDON — MANCHESTER — LEITH

A GREAT DAY HAS DAWNED. With our hearts filled with thankfulness for victory, let us make this great resolve! Let us continue in our striving for a land free from anxiety and want—that the sacrifices of war may not have been in vain.

GIVE THANKS BY SAVING

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Do your teeth complete your charm?

the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film away.

1/3 & 2/2. Also made in powder form.

A DAB plus
A BRUSH
equals lashings
of lovely lather

SV 137-621 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

Yes! They're Wonderful—

COLD GONE

I'll be there!

"Thanks so much for recommending them. Now I'll be able to come along. Even the first Beecham's Powder I took had a quick effect and I was soon able to say good-bye to a nasty cold. I'm quite my best self again and looking forward to seeing you." Quickly absorbed, they are speedy in action.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS 2½ EACH

Prices in Great Britain (incl. Purchase Tax) Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each.

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Week ending June

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Milk Choc
value of the
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CADB